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Story of a Princess

By Captain
John W. Thomason, Jr.
U. S. M. C.

Illustrations by the author

PEKING is a city of odd fish.

Its society is a cosmopolitan gumbo, possible only in deep Asia. The ministers of the powers, and the officers of the international guards, mingle affably with the representatives of big business who are trying to collect a few occasional millions on loans, or stuff advanced, to the Republic; and there are artists and sculptors of large reputation, with New York and Paris exhibitions behind them, and others with no reputation at all; and very distinguished doctors drawn here by the Peking Union, intent on those exotic diseases the gorgeous East provides in such abundance; and eminent scientists whose names command respect, even of persons who think the Peking Man is a heavyweight wrestler; and ladies and gentlemen of great charm and no visible occupation, who live principally in the hotel lobbies; and writers who write, as well as writers who merely talk about it; and world tourists, reading avidly the works of Juliet Bredon; and queer Russians, male and female after their kind; and Chinese gentlemen who, for inscrutable oriental reasons, cultivate the West, its dances and its drinks and its social usages; and Navy wives, their men in the Asiatic Squadron, very keen at bridge and curios; and Army Officers on leave from Manila; and a welter of hangers-on who fall into no special classification; and the journalists who record such movements of these folk as seem worth the cable tolls. In Peking, you can always be instructed, or, better still, amused. And one of the oddest of these persons is the Princess Solonggoa. I use "odd" in the dictionary sense.

On the origin of this Princess there are several stories, the most probable of which locates her in the remote country of the Tsaidam Mongols, beyond the Nan Shan, the Heavenly Mountains, and the South Kokonor, that look across the upheaved earth toward Thibet. Very few people have found it profitable to penetrate this region, and it follows that their reports are meagre and conflicting. One can go there, with luck, travelling west and north from Peking, by railroad, motor-car, mule-cart, and finally camel-back, and it takes two or three months to reach it from any given point. The Princess has been heard to say that she could get home

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in seventy-two days, if she made good connections.

Up there, twenty years ago or so, she was born in a yurt—the felt tent of the Mongols—on the grass-lands by the river that the Mongols call the Batagantu, the Mighty and Dreadful River, which rises from the lower benches of the South Kokonor and flows three hundred miles to perish at the rim of the desert, in a marsh where the wild swans trumpet like hounds. They named her, Solonggoa, Rainbow, because the Shaman crouched outside the yurt saw a rainbow arch across the sky in the hour that she first cried, and from that day onward she was a person of importance. Her father the Prince counted great wealth in ponies and camels and sheep, and the girl-child Solonggoa cut her teeth on inconsiderable trinkets of fine gold that an ancestor had brought back, in the days of Genghiz, from the loot of the soft fat lands across the world to the south and west—probably Persia. It is further related that she had a younger brother whom she disliked earnestly from the day of his birth; but the record does not tell why she was bundled off, about the time she began to be able to master the wildest Tsaidam ponies, and to draw the Mongol bow with the best of the young men, to a convent in Macao.

In Macao, the old city the Portuguese grafted to the tip of Asia, the gentle nuns were not conspicuously successful in weaning her from the elastic devil-worship of her people; but she learned languages with facility, and she emerged, after some years, with French, English, Portuguese, and even Mandarin, at her tongue. She was exhibited briefly in Peking, where her French and English rapidly became colloquial, to the polite amusement of the Diplomatic Corps, and she returned in due season by rail, motor, mule-cart, and camel, to her father's yurts on the Batagantu River, wearing the first jodhpurs ever seen on a woman in those regions. Being of marriageable age and high connection, she awakened interest in the hearts of the young Tsaidams—among whom, unlike the Chinese, a woman has something to say about the disposal of her life—and she might have made a brilliant match, and lived in comfortable obscurity ever afterward; but the old prince had the bad luck to be killed in a little difference with the Goloks, those ugly semi-Thibetans whose lands march with the Tsaidams. Her brother caught up the reins, and that one immediately justified all her distaste for him by giving her, in the way of inter-tribal politics, to a well-meaning loutish fellow who was a small prince on his own account; and it was expected that she would now settle herself to the economics of the yurt and the breeding of men-children, as a well-brought-up woman should. The not unnatural result was that she presently appeared in Peking and ran absolutely wild.

All newcomers are welcome, in the boundless hospitality of Peking, where the foreign colony see so much of each other that strange faces are a joy to them; and a Princess, even a Princess of the Tsaidam Mongols—whoever they might be—was naturally invited places. At a legation reception the Princess Solonggoa met the questing eye of a young secretary to a minister, whose nation shall here be nameless, because I am stationed in China myself, and crave neither duels nor official reprimands—and he admired her; and she, to put it delicately, returned his admiration. He was a very personable young man, quite successful in the social way, but until this time unacquainted with the temperament of the Tsaidam Mongols, who have no inhibitions at all. He found that the admiration of a daughter of the Batagantu, in whose veins flowed the violent blood of the riders who rode behind Subotai the Valiant, was no light thing. At about the stage when, in such affairs, he began usually to feel remorse over the innocence of his victim, and to look about for something new, he discovered that the situation was reversed: he was the victim. He had not intended this at all. The details fail to edify.

Stories about the Princess forthwith rose up and ran about, and Peking was vastly diverted. Serene as a reigning personage of assured happiness should be, she went places and did things, accompanied by her miserable young gentleman, and people told in corners, looking avidly at the couple by the tea-table, how it was actually true that, just before coming down to the capital, she had disposed of an inefficient husband in the hearty downright fashion of one of nature's noblewomen. As a matter of fact, subsequent investigation by careful historians established that the Princess had attempted a sort of *coup d'etat* among the Tsaidams, principally to rid herself of her disgusting brother; and in the course of it her husband, who did not matter one way or the other, had fallen face down into the fire while under an excess of airak, and had his eyes burnt out. The brother maintained himself, however, and the Princess thought it well to visit Peking until matters quieted down. This simple sequence of events, less exciting than the stories, never caught up with the popular accounts, and the Princess received credit for killing men as freely as her relative Tamerlane. One result of this gossip was that her young gentleman departed on the Shanghai Express, between one day and another, his friends explaining that the dry, dusty climate of the North China plain had proved too much for him, and that he had been transferred to a European station.

The Princess had studied geography in her convent, and knew where Europe was. She followed him at once, neglecting to arrange for a letter of credit; convents are not business colleges. The steps of that sentimental journey are not all known, nor how it was financed. Perhaps she sold her jewels, or something

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else. At any rate, there is record of a scene on the Prado in Madrid, and of an incident, distressingly public, in London: the young gentleman eventually turned up in Washington, D. C., and the Atlantic Ocean proved too great a natural obstacle, even for the Princess Solonggoa, to whom distance was nothing. The tale of her return is in the archives of a continental power which has no sphere of influence in Central Asia, but hopes to have one; and therefore transported the Princess to Peking with courtesy but great firmness. Here relatives took charge of her, and she disappeared into the remoteness beyond the westward end of the Great Wall. They were still talking about her when I was ordered to duty with our Legation Guard.

This spring there arrived among us, from those same fabulous regions, a distinguished young explorer who had vanished into Central Asia from the other side, and who now broke cover with the answer to one of those important questions which, reputable scientists affirm, will revolutionize all existing theories on the subject. We are not clear as to his exact classification; the man was in no way as definite as Doctor Roy Chapman Andrews, who is dinosaur eggs and spoon-billed rhinoceri, ten million years old; or Doctor Davidson Black, who is the Peking Man, a little more recent. I think this chap was buried cities of the prehistoric era, before Huang Ti, the Yellow Emperor, only forty-seven centuries B.C.—referred to by Ssu-ma Ch'ien, in his Historical Records, and possibly, on hearsay, by Herodotus. At any rate, he was important, and the amiable corps of Peking correspondents was ordered by cable to interview him, which they did. Conditions being favorable throughout the world—neither wars, kidnappings, murders, nor economic crises taking up space at the moment—the story made the front pages in Europe, North America, and even in Shanghai. Recognition of the achievement was immediate. Doctor Arais had planned to remain in Peking only long enough to get a haircut and have some new clothes made on Marco Polo Street: his stay was of necessity extended, to allow for the usual round of formal and informal courtesies, which included decoration by the diplomatic representative of his government. When these ceremonies were accomplished, he took ship for Europe, to collect the rest of his kudos and file his data. He announced that he would return in about three months and resume his labors on the ground, there being certain aspects of the question still a little obscure.

I was present, by delegation from our Guard, when he was decorated. He looked a nice enough chap, in young middle age; the kind of a man you'd like to take along on a hunting trip. He had a good head, and something honest and simple and a little diffident in his eye, and there were the fine wrinkles above his cheekbones that come from the fierce sun, and the wind that flows like a sea over the rolling lands of the northwest. M. le Docteur Jean Arais, they introduced him, with a string of letters after his name. Only those of scientific persuasion—largely represented in Peking—could discuss what he had actually done; the rest of us

were saying how attractive he was: and he went away. And presently they were remarking that he had come out through the Princess Solonggoa's country. And then they were telling how he had had an affair with her, up there on the rim of the desert.

There are no secrets in this romantic land. An indiscretion in Chinese Turkestan, a thousand miles from the railhead, is almost immediately the spice of cocktail parties in our Legation Quarter. Our social secretary—he has a definite place in our legation hierarchy but the other title is more accurate—was soon repeating

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it as his best story, and giving it very well: the fellow has undoubted talent for narrative. He went to Kalgan once, on the train, in a special first-class coach, and saw a yurt just outside of that interesting frontier town, and drank Mongol tea with butter in it, and tasted kumiss. Having the local color at first hand, he was able to construct a perfect idyl. And, to give it point, the Princess Solonggoa again arrived in Peking.

was on the Peking Hotel Roof, dancing with Hanne, the first night that the Princess appeared. Hanne is a lady of a Scandinavian Legation. I met her in Washington a long time ago, and I see as much of her as I can. She has eyes like Juno, large and calm, and the pale-tinted good looks of the north; but under her serene exterior, she is interested and curious about nearly everything, and will listen to whatever is told to her, as long as it is amusing. Nobody takes as much pleasure in living as does Hanne. We danced now, to the Russian orchestra's conception of an American tune, and she said, with pleasure, why there's the Princess! I heard she had come down. I said that I had never seen her, and wanted to; and the music accommodatingly finished in a flurry of violins. You shall, my dear, now—Hanne told me, and stopped me beside a small table near the dance floor, where a young China Coast exquisite, whom we suspect of gun-running and less reputable adventures, sat with a small lady in red, a bottle of burgundy glowing darkly in its little wicker cradle between them.

They both stood up, and the woman held out her hand as a man would. She was slender, not tall, and her figure had the delicate long lines of a young girl's, revealed with subtlety by the Chinese gown she wore, which was a clinging affair of wine-red silk, very rich with brocade. Her ornaments were of jade and silver, and she wore her hair in braids as thick as my wrist, interwoven with shining things of coral and silver and cornelian. Her face was aquiline and smooth, delicately cream-colored, and her little pouting mouth was scarlet. There was something of the hawk in the curved line of her jaw, and in her long eyes, and the thin flare of her nostrils. She brought to my mind the look of those small pedigreed falcons that come down to Peking on the wrists of the Mongol horse-dealers in the winter time—still, watchful, and intensely alive. Her voice was surprisingly deep, in this land of high-pitched trebles, and she said, in careful English, that she had arrived that day, from Suiyan, and would call on Hanne in the morning. She shook hands like a man, and there was strength in her slender fingers. "She has had a life, that one," Hanne commented, as we went on to join our party. "I must tell you—" and then our banking member took her away, and I had no more of her that night.

Next day, after polo, sitting in Hanne's compound, I learned that the call had been duly made. And the story going around, about the Doctor, that was true. The Princess talked of nothing else. Hanne was told how they met, on the Batagantu River, in the nesting time of the wild swans, when the Tsaidam Mongols take their pony herds down to fatten on the new grass. The Doctor was trailing the ruins of a city great and famous in the world before some old conqueror a thousand years ahead of Genghiz stamped across it, and a blood-stained legend since; and the Princess had ridden into his modest camp, and seen him, and they fell in love. They experienced pure ecstasy. Hanne became sentimental about it: she is that way. She leaned back in her long chair, with half-shut eyes, and painted a picture that I found very moving, hardened old mercenary that I am. Those two, against the background of High Tartary, in the country of the earth-shaking Khans of the elder time—speaking French, dipping together into the mutton stew, galloping the plateau on half-broken Turkestan ponies, wild and free. It sounded beautiful and barbaric, as the mating of eagles. I said so, freely.

"She has come down to meet him," Hanne reported. "She didn't put it in as many words, but there's an understanding. He's due back here—let's see, how long has he been gone?—in about a month; and she said she simply couldn't stand it up there: she feels closer to him here, and she'll meet him when he lands at Shanghai. He'll be on one of those Messageries boats. They'll go back to the Alfin Tagh, or wherever the outlandish place is, on that river with the booming name, and—oh, research together, I suppose. It's sweet. She says they will marry—in her fashion or his—it makes no difference to her—and have children. She says she has had every experience but that—a child of perfect love. That is what she is living for."

I protested this a little. There was the report, widely circulated, that her husband still dragged himself around—although blinded—was it true that she pushed him into the fire in the yurt that night?—and that further reports assigned her two children from the union. Hanne did not admit the children. "Why, she mentioned that she'd never had a child. And the husband is no good, anyway—who wants a blind husband? Blind like that, I mean. Besides, a Princess—" Hanne has the enviable faculty of believing what she wants to believe, and rejecting the rest. Afterward we saw the Princess at the big formal crushes, to which all the world is invited, and on the Roof with different men, some of them known to be as little inhibited as any Mongol that ever lived.

"How about that?" I asked Hanne with malice, for she had started lessons in the Mongol language from the Princess, a thing in itself absurd, since Hanne has no conceivable use for Mongol, or any interest in the scant Mongol literature.

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"Why," she told me with indignation, "the poor child hasn't anything to live on. Of course she can't teach Mongol, or anything else—I'm just helping her that way. She gives me Mongol words to say after her, for five minutes: then we talk for the rest of the hour. She's terribly interesting. And really, some of the Mongol words are grand sounds. Much more like human speech than this quacking, squeaking Chinese. 'Kerulen'—now isn't that a pretty word? And as to those men—I am afraid you have the *mauvais esprit*—you should not listen to gossip, my friend. Me, I know that she is very lonely and very unhappy; if she diverts herself a little, that is her affair. I am certain that this Doctor is her man, and nobody else. I am very sorry for her. I wish I could do something for her. . . . Besides how she is *naïve!* So direct, so simple, a child, and an old wise woman at once! If she had not fallen in love like this, she might have been a very great person among her people—the Catherine—the Queen Elizabeth of the Tsaidam Mongols, what romance! But one cannot help falling in love—" Hanne sighed. "Just now she is miserable, more than a little. She was telling me of a dream she had——."

The summer wore toward autumn, and one afternoon, idling in the club, I ran an eye over the news bulletins that the agencies post daily for us. A name I knew took my attention, and I read an item under an English date-line. I tore the sheet off the board, and went down the street to Hanne's house, and found her in the dim, intimate room where she writes letters and drinks tea. "Look here," I said, "have you seen anything of your Princess lately? No? Well, that chap's dead. See this—" and while she read, her number one boy slippered in to announce a caller, and behind him was the Princess Solonggoa.

She was in peacock blue with a great coral necklace, and her face was like a sleep-walker's. She gave me a cold hand, and Hanne another; she took a teacup and put it down, and she sank, almost reclining, on the long couch where Hanne sat. Something very cold had come into the pleasant room, and I got up to go, but Hanne signalled me, and I found a chair in a corner. The Princess was talking, in a still, drowsy voice. She had a nice voice, smooth and round, with a cadence in it at the end of a long sentence. A voice a little husky, which is unusual to Asia.

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"My friend," she began, "I have had the dream again. I told it to you here—the one I had on the river, the night before he left me to come out. You remember——?"

Hanne had related that dream to me as she heard it: the Princess, in it, found herself toiling down the flank of a great dune, one of those the wind sculptures from the sand on the rim of the desert. In front of the dune, running off to left and right over half the world, was a glittering empty sea, sullen and cold under a sullen, cold sky. The sun was shining, but there was no heat in it, and the wind was cold, and drove fine stinging sand into her face, so that she went blindly, with her body slanted against the wind. She had hard walking, for the sand was deep and loose, and dragged at her ankles. But there was something on the beach that she had to know about, and she struggled ahead until she could see the thing that was drawing her. It was a man's body, flattened to the sand as dead things lie, with its legs in the wash of the tide. When she was close to it, the strength went out of her knees, and she fell down with fear, not of the dead, because she had seen plenty of death, but for fear of knowing who it was, lying there. She crawled a little closer, and it was plain that it had been a long time in the water. Then her eye went to the shape of its head, face down and turned away, and the wet hair—she knew who it was, but she must look, and be sure—and she awoke, screaming.

"She woke up in his arms," Hanne had said, "there in the yurt. He was very sweet to her, when he saw that she was really frightened and upset. He let her tell him about it, and didn't laugh at her until she was quieted down: then he talked her into believing—almost—that it was just too much mutton and kumiss—" Now she said to the Princess, "But certainly, that dream! I remember."

"It came to me again two nights ago, when I was with Deschoux," the Princess told us. I risked a glance at Hanne, who met my eye gravely. Deschoux was the agent of a French importing house, a sluggish, genial fellow, fond of his amusements: you saw him around the hotels. "It was all the same," the Princess continued, in her level voice. "Again I go through the sand, very hard and very tired. But there is a pistol shot, sharp, like this—" she clapped her hands. "And I go through the sand, and the wind blew. And the sun was cold. I saw it—it lying where the waves come up and go back again, and it is long-time dead. I make myself strong. I put my hand on its shoulder, and there is a strange thing: it did not feel dead. I say to myself, this one is dead, and yet not dead. I turn it over, and it is Jean. There is a hole in his head, here. I wake myself, screaming, and that good Deschoux, he is very gentle with me.

"If I had been alone," she resumed presently, "I would have killed myself. For it was Jean. Somewhere, by some water, he lies dead. But Deschoux, he say no, it is just dream. How can it be anything else? He almost make me to believe, and next morning he go to Shanghai on his affairs. Just now I have from him this telegram: look: you read——"

She produced from somewhere a yellow-white flimsy from the Asiatic cables. Hanne looked at it quizzically and held it out to me. It was:

"Dear condolences stop your dream too cruelly true."

Hanne, for once in her life, found nothing to say, beyond a feeble sympathetic murmur. Finally she held out the crumpled press sheet, that she had crushed under her when the Princess came in. The Princess scanned it absently, and stood up, letting it fall. She looked at us with opaque eyes, and went out. Whatever else there was with Solonggoa, she loved him.

I said presently to Hanne, "Could she have seen this bulletin? It won't be in the paper until tomorrow: they don't print things in advance," for our paper in Peking may give you the news, and may not. Just now most of its space was devoted to a reprint of the Treaty of Nanking, A.D. 1841. "How could she have seen it?" Hanne pointed out. "She's living in a Chinese boarding house now: it didn't come in until today."

Two days later the invaluable *Daily News* had it, in a box on the front page, with a smudged photograph: Doctor Jean Arais, etc., etc., had shot himself on the beach at Juan des Pins. The reasons hinted at do not concern this story.

By that time, the Princess Solonggoa had vanished. There are three rumors in the Legation Quarter: one, that she committed suicide by throwing herself into a well in the Chinese City; two, that she retired to the Alfin Tagh; three, that she bought a quantity of new clothes at a shop on Legation Street, paid cash for them, and took the train to the south. Sooner or later, we shall know.

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Can America Live Alone?

By Christian Gauss

Economic nationalism is the cry of the day. Dean Gauss discusses the idea from the background of history and of psychology. Civilizations are built at the cross-roads of trade. Can history be defeated by a new Chinese Wall? What would happen to the people who live in the great port cities of the United States?

I

"The United States is good enough for me. Why can't we get out of this European muddle and live by ourselves as we always did in the past?"

In some such phrases the average man expresses his conviction. This is the wish and prayer of that mass mind which is so important a factor in shaping the course of democracies. Can this prayer be answered, can we grant the average man his heart's desire? This is our central problem today.

There is a preliminary problem of psychology which we must consider briefly. It is a notorious fact that when an individual is no longer able to adjust himself effectively to the world of men about him, when he has suffered some cultural accident or trauma, he resorts to withdrawal, creates an escape mechanism. We speak of such an individual as maladjusted and we recognize that he "compensates" by creating in his imagination a new world in which he can move more freely. When international problems become highly intricate and complicated, as they have since 1918, a similar phenomenon takes place in the political psychology of nations. They too wish to be masters in the house of their spirit, and after having been brought into repeated collisions with their neighbors, after having been balked and baffled in every attempt to find an issue for their excess energy, they too resort to forms of withdrawal or compensation. They magnify some of their least important qualities, as Germany under Hitler is doing today. Other nations are less good and great than they, and they are driven, like the nonplussed individual, to build and wall-in a world of their own. The difficulties in this situation result from the fact that this world fails to correspond to reality. The purposes which such an individual or state conceives, are conceived in an imaginary sphere. In any attempt to translate them into action they are bound to collide with the brutal realities, and such collisions will continue to occur until fuller correspondence is established between the inner world of purposes and desire and the outer world of realization. Any one who wishes to discuss seriously the problem whether the United States is or can be a self-sufficient and self-contained cultural and economic unit, should be cautioned to bear this fact in mind. The desire to prove his own country culturally self-sufficient is in line with the desire of every nationalist, and just now we are all nationalists. The question is not, therefore, whether we should desire to be self-sufficient; we all desire to be so as far as possible. But we must also, if we are realists, recognize that there are limits to this process.

This desire for self-sufficiency has expressed itself since the World War in nearly all of our political policies of major importance. For instance, it lay behind the drastic restriction of immigration, behind the policy of increased tariffs and behind the persistent refusal to accept membership in the League of Nations. The average man is of course not immune to that wishful thinking which not infrequently affects the work of scholars. He fondly assumes that in the past we have kept out of European entanglements and European wars. This is perhaps an understandable, though a fairly serious, perversion of history. Since 1750, on three occasions, the western European nations have engaged in conflicts of major importance; the Seven Years War, the Napoleonic Wars, and the World War. Since colonial days our relation to Europe has been such that each one of these conflicts there has eventually involved us. Our French and Indian War was the American counterpart of the Seven Years War and contemporaneous with it; and our War of 1812 was merely a phase of the Napoleonic Wars. That we should have allowed ourselves to become involved in the World War was, therefore, neither a new phenomenon nor a

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departure from historical precedent. If there has been any law in our history so far, it seems to have been that America cannot remain at peace when Europe goes to war. At a time when there are those who urge that we should carry our policy of nationalistic isolation farther than we have ever done in the past, we must bear in mind that in the past, peace has not gone with faith in isolation and there is no guarantee that it will do so in the future. Quite the contrary. We cannot of course solve all of our problems at once and those who prefer a continuing, or indeed even a stricter adherence to the policy of nationalistic self-sufficiency, must be warned that on this basis, disarmament and the reduction of the risks of war are probably impossible. These can only be obtained by some form of international convention or union, which of course implies involvement.

II

In a laudable attempt to find a way out of the jungle of our problems, an important and able group has arisen which believes that it is propounding a new doctrine. The strongest presentation of this theory has come from Dean Donham of Harvard. He has severely criticized those who foolishly hold "that the only way to prevent another world war is the road of international co-operation leading to the gradual creation of a superstate," and holds with considerable plausibility that "our only hope of continuous benefit from technological progress is in higher standards of living, shorter hours of labor and more of leisure and comfort. By the sane handling of our domestic problems all these can be attained." This seems reasonable enough, and in the eyes of many gains force when we look at what has been happening in the last few years.

There is much to be said for setting our own house in order and making ourselves *as far as possible* self-supporting. Without here attempting to define the limits to such a policy, every one must agree that in general a proposal like President Roosevelt's for the reclamation and reforestation of the Tennessee River Valley and the utilization of the hydro-electric power that can be developed in that area, has met with very general approval. There are undoubtedly many other proposals of this sort which the dispassionate historian will accept as probably fruitful and salutary.

When Dean Donham tells us that the "collapse of international trade is amazing," nearly every one will agree with him. Our Department of Commerce tells us that from 1929 to 1932, our exports had declined from 5,241 millions to 1,612 millions and our imports from 4,400 millions to 1,323 millions. Since foreign trade is dangerous, why not go farther, wash out these balances altogether and create for ourselves a self-contained economy? We are told that in 1931 our per capita exports were only 4 per cent of our per capita income and 6 per cent of our per capita production. Dean Donham and the followers of this school ask quite properly, "Shall we seek to restore the 4 per cent in the international field and to increase the volume of manufactured goods several fold, or shall we try to regain a far larger volume at home?" We cannot, they tell us, do both. Economists of this school tell us also that further reduction in foreign trade is inevitable, and it is certainly true that much of the feverish production in the years before 1929 was in the nature of what is sometimes called "suicide traffic." Instead of exporting the products of our machines, we were exporting those machines themselves. This made it possible for our previous customers of finished goods to manufacture those goods for themselves. We were killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. In the first nine months of 1929 the United States alone exported nearly five hundred million dollars' worth of such machinery. England and Germany, we are told, had joined with us in this economic suicide pact and from 1924 to 1931 co-operated with us in exporting non-agricultural machinery which probably made unnecessary "something like 20 per cent of the world's trade." Let us not discuss here this estimate of 20 per cent, which is pure guesswork, since no one knows what the rate of production or the rate of obsolescence of such exported machinery will be, or to what further needs of exports from us it may give rise.

III

The argument of the new nationalists is usually based upon desires and wishes rather than upon a careful analysis of forces in the past or present. Even Dean Donham fails to mention two of the latter which might have added weight to his argument. Let us strengthen the case of the isolationists.

The ordinary economist will tell you that the price you pay for any given article is determined by several factors, such as the cost of raw material, the cost of manufacture, the cost of transportation, the cost of distribution or sale. The ordinary consumer is not concerned with the relative percentages which these various elements add to the price. When that price becomes too high, he refuses to part with his money.

In the past twenty-five years industrialists in virtually every field have been doing what they have always done since the world began. They have been trying to expand their markets, to sell larger and larger quantities of their finished goods. The surest way to do this is to reduce the costs and the consequent price to the consumer, thus bringing any given article within the range of a larger number of possible purchasers. In the case of commodities where all of the elements mentioned above enter into the selling price, the cost

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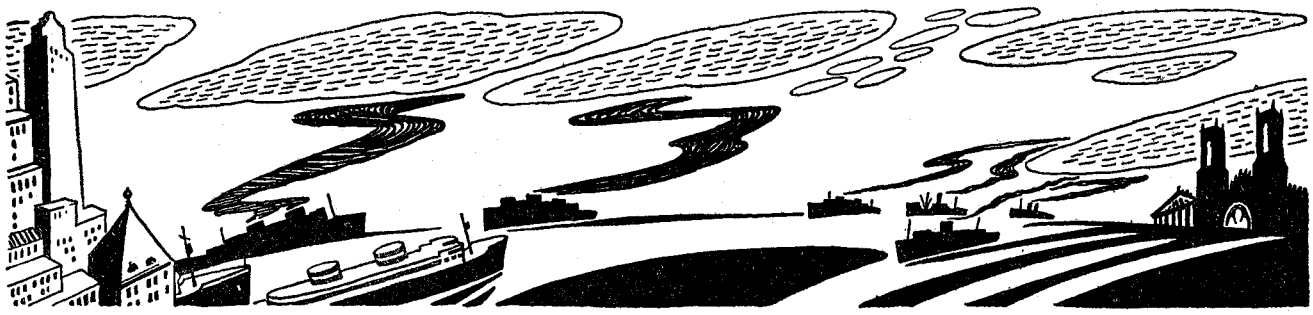

of transportation has, on the whole, proved to be the most recalcitrant item. Any big industrialist will tell us that in the past twenty years he has, by perfecting his processes and introducing the straight-line method of quantity production, been able to reduce the cost of manufacture. The hours of human labor, for instance, and consequent costs of labor called for in the manufacture of an automobile have been reduced from 1290 hours in 1905 to 90 hours in 1930. The same elimination of human labor has been taking place in the manufacture of a ton of steel rails or a bolt of cotton cloth. Since, in this struggle for volume, it has been impossible to reduce proportionately the costs of transportation, we are confronted with new factors which are tending to alter the character both of domestic and of foreign trade. A drive has been made to eliminate this recalcitrant item everywhere. When a citizen in New Jersey is planning to build a house, instead of buying spruce lumber and cedar shingles brought from Oregon, he will use substitutes such as wall boarding or roofing manufactured in neighboring towns.

If this situation has affected the consumer, it has also, though in a different way, affected the producer. The manufacturer, realizing that the prospective consumer is no longer willing to pay transportation costs, decentralizes his plant. Instead of manufacturing all of his goods at one point and distributing them over an immense area, he splits up his factory, so to speak, and distributes it to strategic points nearer his prospective customers. The substitution of electrical power which can be conveyed over a wire for considerable distances at little cost, has here been an important new factor. This process goes on not only within our own country, but in international industry as well; and when manufacturers like Henry Ford establish plants in Canada and foreign countries, it is not only to avoid tariff levies but transportation costs as well. Such decentralization of industry is tending to reduce the amount of transportation previously called for in commercial processes everywhere.

A second important factor operating to reduce the gross amount of transportation in the world is the progress of synthetic chemistry. This is not an American discovery, and for it we are particularly indebted to German scientists. In their country, necessity proved to be the mother of invention. Cut off from foreign sources of supply during the World War, they were compelled to develop substitutes by synthetic processes. Long before, they had discovered that it was possible to manufacture from coal-tar dyes like indigo and madder which previously had been drawn from vegetable sources. The nitrates used for fertilizer had become a prime necessity to all agricultural peoples and it was to prevent this necessity from reaching the Allies that a part of the German fleet, at the outbreak of the war, was cruising off the coast of Chili. The Germans meanwhile had discovered a synthetic process by which nitrates could be extracted from the air in Germany herself. We are all taking over this process and the development of nitrates at Muscle Shoals will empty any number of freighters of cargoes which they once brought from Europe or South America. Certain substitutes for rubber too are now being quite satisfactorily created by chemical process in countries to which the natural product was once brought by long haul. This process, which is extending into many fields, is, of course, reducing the pressure upon the world's shipping.

Any one who wishes to see in operation these factors which tend to reduce transportation, can do so by considering what has happened in his own kitchen. We manufacture ice in our electric refrigerators instead of having it brought by train and the obsolescent iceman, from distant lakes and rivers. There was once much unnecessary trundling of goods about the world, but a great deal of this traffic is now being eliminated. This will undoubtedly have an effect upon commerce within and between nations.

Let us admit fully that such considerations materially strengthen the case of the isolationists. There still remains the question whether we can successfully withdraw and cease to be dependent upon foreigners. We shall in a moment consult history upon this problem. We must first bear in mind that the discoveries of scientists and technologists, many of them not Americans, which have brought about these changes, have also had another effect. The nature of man, especially of the modern man, seems insatiable and when you satisfy one of his needs you seem to beget in him a new one. Even while you are satisfying his desire for more rapid travel by developing electrified railroads, turbine-driven

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steamers, and high-powered automobiles, he conceives the desire to fly and starts to develop the airplane. No one can tell what these new needs will be that seem to increase in proportion as his older needs are satisfied. What were once luxuries become necessities. We can see how this process has worked in the past if we consider so simple a thing as the menu of our breakfast tables. In spite of the immense food resources of the United States, we are not content with any of the possible beverages provided by our own country, and the average man today must have either tea or coffee or cocoa or chocolate, no one of which his own country provides. We may grant, therefore, the contention of the isolationists that it would be fairly simple to cease exporting manufactured products in competition with European countries and confine ourselves to expanding the home market for such goods. We must remember, however, that men, even Americans, will continue to desire new things in proportion as they are discovered. Many such things will, as in the past, undoubtedly be invented or discovered abroad, and if we are to have them we must either steal the processes or continue to trade. We must admit, therefore, that it is highly doubtful whether, in the development of anything approaching an economy which corresponds to human needs, the total volume of trade, as it has been in normal times, will or should suffer any decline. For simple as it is to cease exporting manufactured products, in this modern world it is impossible to cease importing.

We seem only to have reached the threshold of the new age. What raw materials, organic or inorganic, will become the indispensable necessities of twenty or thirty years hence, we cannot tell; there are shifts from decade to decade. Platinum, helium, radium, manganese, have become so essential that any modern nation would be crippled without them. What the essentials for an industrial nation in 1950 will be, we cannot even guess. All we can say is that the processes of trade must remain free. In spite of synthetic chemistry, rubber, which fifty years ago was an item of little consequence, is today the second in value of all our imports. The new isolationists propose to revert to the policy of higher tariffs in order to protect the American standard of living. But if we raise tariff barriers higher, to protect this self-contained paradise, we shall in time probably bring upon ourselves a new form of retaliation that can easily complicate modern life still further, and cripple its processes. Countries which because of climate or natural resources happen to possess any of these key products, may in their turn set severe conditions before they consent to export them, or may refuse the right to export at all as we have done with gold. Greater safety and stability in this era of increasing interdependence must lie for modern man in freer and not in more restricted trade. It is not because our trade has been too brisk that we find ourselves in our present difficulties. It is truer to say that it is for the opposite reason. Before embarking upon this new era, perhaps it will help to clear our perspective if we consider how important a factor trade has been to the civilizations of the past.

IV

Nationalistically minded leaders are likely to make the same mistake over and over, for nationalism is largely an emotional attitude and when we are under the dominance of emotion it is easy to forget the things we do not wish to remember. History has sometimes been defined as the memory of the race, and it may help us to see things somewhat more realistically if we recall, to those who advocate that we drop out of international commercial competition, the rôle which in the past trade has performed in the development of civilization. We may begin by reminding ourselves that the men of the old stone age in central Europe often had axes made of jade which had been brought all the way from the edges of the Gobi desert, because jade took a better edge than the flints available in Austria or Germany. In the Grimaldi caves at Mentone on the border between France and Italy there have been found associated with the remains of prehistoric man, cowrie shells which were brought from the Indian Ocean. On the sites of the old Swiss lake-dwellers there have been found seeds of plants which must have come from non-European shores. It is notorious that the predynastic Egyptians used emery from Naxos for rubbing down stone or pottery and made expeditions to far Somaliland for myrrh and frankincense. In making excavations in Spain, a Belgian engineer discovered that the inhabitants of the Iberian Peninsula at a very early period had in their possession jet from the neighborhood of Whitby and amber from the Baltic, as well as fragments of African ostrich eggs. Without the development of over-sea trade the civilization of Athens would have been impossible. The Roman cities of Africa and Hadrian's Wall in England show how far and at what cost of human labor Rome pushed out the limits of her empire, and yet, far flung as that empire was, her commerce extended far beyond it. The discovery of ancient Roman coins in India indicates that she trafficked there and we know that her trade connections ran up into China in the far East and to the Baltic on the north and west. It was Rome's conviction that her sea trade must be increased which led her to conclude that Carthage must be destroyed. We owe the discovery of America to the fact that by 1492 trade with the East had become indispensable to Europeans; it had not even been cut off, but the many levies made upon it by the peoples or "nations" whose

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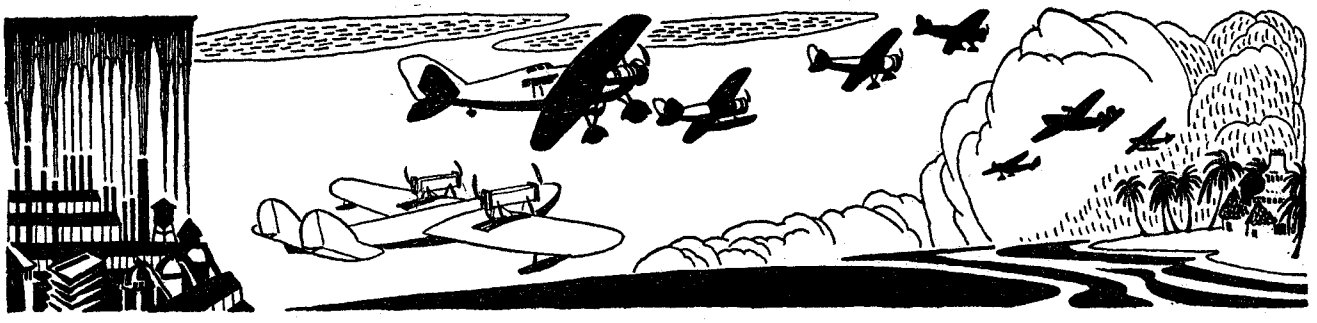

seas or lands had to be crossed en route, raised the costs of transportation to such a point that Columbus was willing to push out across the Atlantic and Vasco da Gama spent two years on his voyage around Cape of Good Hope. Napoleon had military power in full measure, yet he shattered his own once overwhelming armies in the impossible attempt to establish the continental blockade and prevent Europe from trading with countries over seas. Japan owes her development and position today to the fact that the United States and Europe compelled her, against her will and tradition, less than a hundred years ago to enter into the stream of world trade. If anything is safe, it is therefore safe to conclude that the habit of trading even with far countries is one of the most deeply ingrained propensities of human nature and it is safe to assume that this cannot easily be altered by mere legislative enactment.

It is possible to trace, as Brooks Adams did in the *New Empire,* the so-called march of civilization and to prove that it has moved along the lines of the world's great trade routes and that, when for any reason these have shifted, civilization has turned from once-favored peoples and shifted with these trade routes. When, about the year 800, Charlemagne sent a gift of woollen cloth to Haroun al Raschid in Bagdad on the Persian Gulf, his act was probably not motivated by mere naïve generosity; he knew that Bagdad was the largest, wealthiest, and most civilized city of his time, and if this gift took Haroun's fancy, it might help to provide a market for one of the few commodities for export that were being manufactured out of English wool in poorer France and Flanders. The cities of the eastern Mediterranean had waxed and waned with their commerce. Venice grew great when Mediterranean trade was resumed in the Crusades; she became the port of entry for Germany and laid the basis for that prosperity which made Italy the wealthiest and most civilized nation of the early Renaissance. When Columbus and Vasco da Gama diverted trade into the Atlantic, civilization migrated to Spain and France and then to Holland and England. When William II on a famous occasion announced to a rapidly advancing Germany that "Our future lies upon the water," he was simply voicing a commonplace of history.

So true is this that a good case could be made out for the thesis that the decline of Rome can be measured in terms of the shrinkage of her commerce. When, for instance, archæologists excavate burial plots in the Roman Egypt of the second century, at the time of the Empire's great prosperity, they find scarcely an implement or jar which does not clearly indicate that it came from some other and often quite distant part of the empire. When on the other hand in the same general neighborhood they open tombs of Egyptians of the third and fourth centuries, such articles are almost invariably of local confection and poorer craftsmanship, indicating that with the restriction of trade came increasing poverty and that deterioration of technic which accompanies decline.

The general processes of history were of course operative in the settling of our own country. We lie, crisscross to put it so, athwart the routes of world trade from Asia to Europe. By becoming neutral to international trade, we should become, on an immense scale, a Polish Corridor between Asia and Europe. Any number of our great cities are situated on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts or on the Gulf of Mexico. They grew up there because, like other cities of which we have spoken, they were essentially marts. Their life was drawn from our foreign trade. Coast-wise commerce is but a fraction of their life and even it would suffer an immense decline if international trade were abolished, since much of the traffic along our own coasts consists in gathering materials for export, or in distributing imports from far countries. Once foreign trade is cut off, these cities would very rapidly suffer the fate that has overtaken not only every city but every nation which, through one cause or another, has lapsed into ex-centricity with reference to the world's routes of trade. We would be preparing for New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans, Galveston, San Francisco, Seattle, and Portland, the fate of Antioch, Athens, and Pisa. "Alas," as Macaulay once said, "for the beautiful cities!"

V

How central this question or commerce is to the question of civilization in general we can gather by casting

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a moment's glance at a seemingly unrelated problem which has also overtaxed the ingenuity of modern specialists in municipal government.

In dealing with the very serious problem of corruption in municipalities, reformers have overlooked an interesting and possibly significant fact. It is this: capital cities, Paris, Berlin, London, Washington, are on the whole better governed than cities—to confine ourselves to our own country—like Chicago, New York, Philadelphia. Even the capitals of our states present a better picture in this regard than other cities of similar population in the same states. Municipal administration in our capitals may not be economical, but it is less corrupt than in other centres. The explanation will be found to lie in the dual character of cities; for cities are of two kinds, fulfill two different functions and have two quite distinct *raisons d'être*. In one case they are centres of administration; they exist for the purpose of providing government. Constantinople and St. Petersburg were founded as such. They have at their disposal not only their own police but also bodies of state and regular troops. In such cities there is an unusually high percentage of officials or soldiers. They owe their positions and their salaries to the government and are readily amenable in ordinary times to control by the capital from which they draw their life. A sense for the importance of administration permeates such populations and becomes central to the community.

The second *raison d'être* for cities is quite different. Most cities do not owe their origin to the fact that they are centres of administration. They belong to another category; they are centres of production and distribution; they are markets. Their location is determined by the fact that on these sites traders began to gather and goods were exchanged. The problem of providing a government for such a community always arises later as a secondary and an incidental problem; and it seems impossible for even the best intentioned administrative officers in such trading centres to control or keep pace with the expanding commercial activities of the city. The mayor and police of a city like New York or Chicago are never the masters of its commercial interests. Whether we like it or not, historically as well as in fact, they are its servants. Such a city exists not because of its mayor or aldermen, but because of its manufacturers and merchants. So far as I know, this distinction has never been fully recognized, yet those who are interested in pursuing this line of discussion will find that a process of the same nature is operative in the founding of nations. Nations spring up, peoples begin to become conscious of themselves at the terminus of some trade route or other. During the troubled years of the World War when we were preoccupied with other problems, an American scholar, F. J. Teggart, published a volume on the processes of history, which deserved more attention than it then received. In discussing the first emergence of political units he concluded that "It is demonstrable that they are termini of routes of travel." Routes of travel are of course routes of trade. As a general principle then it may be said that states owe their origin to trade with the world outside and it will be simple to show that all civilized states have always owed a large part of their life to what is generally called foreign commerce.

That alone made possible the Colony of Massachusetts Bay at Boston, of New Amsterdam at New York, of Jamestown in Virginia. We were trading colonies before we became a nation and the development of international trade may, paradoxically enough, be said to have preceded the creation of the nations which now live upon it. Trade, therefore, must be recognized not as an incident in the growth of nations, but as their *fons et origo*. It determines not only their origin, but their character. The proposal to discontinue international trade, therefore, cannot be taken lightly and must be regarded as nothing less than a challenge to reverse all the processes of history.

New York City does not feel cabined, cribbed, and confined because it cannot at its own sweet will declare war upon Chicago or Los Angeles or Baltimore or Boston. Waiving all question of wickedness, this was a privilege which in Old Testament times the cities like Sodom and Gomorrah possessed and exercised. It was also a privilege of the Greek city states. Athens could and did declare war upon her neighboring towns and it was because these Greek city-states did possess this degree of autonomy and did make war upon each other that, in spite of their resources, they finally destroyed their civilization. Italian cities in the Renaissance pursued a similar policy and fell a prey to foreign powers. Genoa made war upon Pisa and Florence upon Siena. In modern times this privilege has been reserved to nations.

What was once true of cities was also true of the smaller states. Scotland often in alliance with France made war upon England and such profitless conflicts ended only when the two were brought together under common political control. The same hostility once existed between the provinces which now constitute France, and between the smaller states which have united to constitute the German Reich. No one dreams of calling them superstates. But, where a basis of common cultural interest existed, the safest course in the past has been union and some degree of common political control which extended at least to the control of foreign relations. Such forms of union have always met with bitter opposition, but have almost invariably proved fruitful. Even our thirteen colonies, after a successful war, were unwilling to surrender their rights of independent action to any central government,

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and the Constitution of the United States was only ratified against the bitter opposition of isolationists and thanks to the efforts of a far-sighted minority. The reasons given in opposition to our union then were the same as those offered against union with our European coadjutors in this era of science. The Constitution, it was said, aimed at creating a superstate. The prophecies of separatists like the Virginian, Patrick Henry, were fortunately not heeded. He declared day after day that our present Constitution was "the most fatal plan that could possibly be conceived for enslaving a free people."

After a century of advance in science and a world war, the situation between the United States and western Europe today, is not unlike that of the separate thirteen colonies after our Revolution.

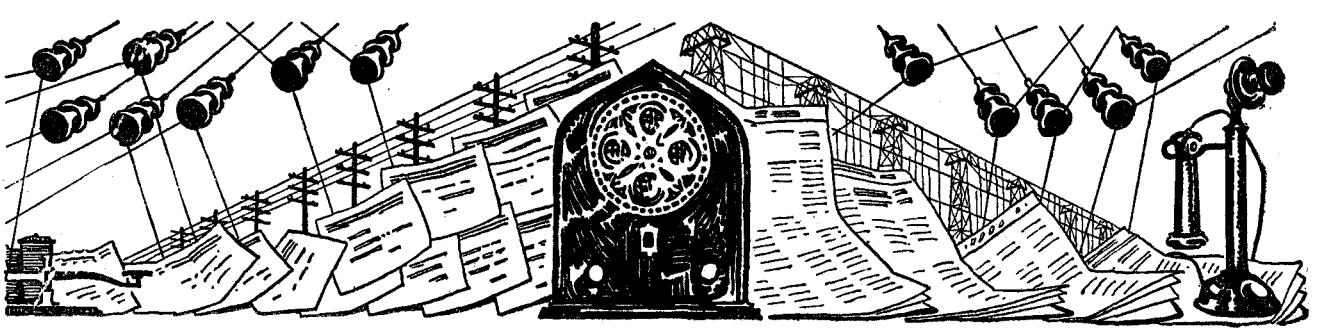
Viscount Bryce, who knew the problems of international relations, as well as those of our American Commonwealth, once stated our modern dilemma in unmistakable terms: "Although in civilized countries every individual man is now under law and not in a State of Nature towards his fellow men, every political community, whatever its form, be it republican or monarchical, is in a State of Nature towards every other community; that is to say, an independent community stands quite outside law, each community owning no control but its own, recognizing no legal rights to other communities and owing to them no legal duties. An independent community is, in fact, in that very condition in which savage men were before they were gathered together into communities legally organized."

VI

It is perhaps plain that a nation can really be self-sufficient only if the source of its culture and the keys to unlock its stores of energy are to be found within itself. Only then can they be controlled from within. Now, the source of modern life, its generating spring, the major cause of change, is not something that has originated within America herself. Much as we should like to believe the contrary, science and technology do not spring from American soil. We did not invent the steam engine or the locomotive or railway, or the Bessemer steel or open-hearth process. Nor did we start to unravel the secrets of electrical energy or synthetic chemistry. The impulsion here came from outside our borders and we were compelled to take them over from the countries in which they originated, not only because we wished to compete with those countries in foreign trade but because we wished to keep pace with modern life and civilization. Even at the risk of seeming over-modest, let us admit that America has not yet produced a Darwin or a Pasteur or an Einstein.

"Love thou thy land," is a fair counsel, but it is peculiarly fitting at this juncture in history that we should realize how far our obligation extends. The chemist knows how deep is his obligation to past and present workers of France and Germany or England. The physicist knows what that science owes to Faraday or Helmholtz or the Curies. The natural scientist knows his debt to Darwin and Mendel and De Vries. The physician knows that modern medicine would have been impossible without Claude Bernard and Pasteur. Such a situation, existing in every field, has created interdependence and obligation, and has made isolation an impossible dream.

It would seem unnecessary to repeat that the frontiers of the modern man are no longer geographical but cultural frontiers. The symphony of modern life must be played upon so many strings and with so many stops that no one nation can provide them all; and what is true of the inner needs of our spirit is true of the outward needs of our cities and states as well. It is wise to remember this when misguided leaders preach isolation and that "closed economy" which has ever been impossible from the time when those prehistoric central Europeans brought their jade axes from the far-off Asiatic desert.



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Kate

By André Maurois

Translated by Morris Bentinck

The ship rolls. A strong wind is blowing down the deck, and cutting through the black waters.

"Mrs. Wingate." The Captain introduces me.

Pretty. A powerfully built husband is admiring her. Frock of Riding-Hood red. Scarlet kerchief at her throat. Smile.

"Kate darling," her husband says, "it's cocktail time."

She follows him.

"Who are the Wingates, Commander?"

"Wingate is a wholesale cotton merchant. She's the daughter of an opera singer. A love match. Twenty years old."

"The husband is pathetic. . . ."

"More than you think. Business falling off. He doesn't want to have his wife suffer, so he's launched two new companies, and he works fourteen hours a day. She's bringing back thirty new costumes from Paris."

"Grateful?"

"No. . . . In America, the woman takes for granted her right to luxury. The husband signs the checks, even when he's on the verge of bankruptcy."

"Spirit of heroism?"

"No, ideal of chivalry."

"She loves him?"

"As well as she loves anybody."

"Kate darling, a martini?"

"No dear. A crème de menthe."

She is stretched out on a divan. Black and white gown. Perfect legs.

"I love poetry," she is saying to me. "I think I'll buy Verlaine. Is it nice?"

The husband, lovable giant, is discussing some big business plans. The cost of freight transportation. "The boat cost me twenty thousand dollars, interest at four per cent. . . ."

"Darling," she says, "you know I don't like to hear you talk business. Put a record on the Victrola."

"Charming dress your wife is wearing," I say to Wingate to let him know I understand.

His eyes light with pleasure.

"Yes," he answers, "isn't it? She has so much taste."

It is the evening when the horse race is run off. Kate plays, with a roll of hundred-dollar bills. She wins. The big, good-natured husband goes to buy tickets at the *mutuel,* brings back the money, orders champagne.

"Your wife is lucky," I say to him.

"Yes, isn't she?" he answers, radiant. "She makes a go of everything she touches."

"She ought to be a great help to you in your business."

He looks at me surprised, shocked.

"Kate? Business? That's a good one!"

I had spent the evening talking about Einstein with an American doctor bewildered by jazz and cocktails.

On my way to my stateroom I meet Kate.

"You're a naughty man. You haven't looked at me all day. I *ha-aa-te* you!" she says in her very American French.

"What French you speak! We don't say it that way. We say, 'I hate you all the more because I have loved you so much.'"

Like a docile child she repeats the phrase after me. Wingate, who doesn't understand French, smiles proudly.

The air is mild. The ship glides along under the soft stars.

"Am I intelligent or dull?" asks Kate.

"You are an intelligent woman and you will become a dull one. Too bad."

She is quiet for a moment, thinking. Then, very serious, she asks me,

"Do you believe in God?"

Jersey sport suit. Very charming. Beige, with brown diagonal stripes.

"And a French husband? What more does he do for his wife?" Kate asks me.

"He tries to understand her, dear Kate."

She moistens her lips. Then sincere, naïve,

"But what is there to understand?"

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A GREAT LIFE

By Grace Flandrau

Linda hung up the telephone receiver and turned over on her side. She pulled the covers up to her chin and shut her eyes. Her skin felt burning hot and she was thirsty, but if she didn't move maybe she'd get to sleep again. However, just as she was about to lose herself the bathroom door opened and Sam put his face in, half covered with shaving cream.

"Who was that?"

"Oh, Lord!" She twisted furiously on the pillow.

"Well, can't I ask you a question?"

"Waking me up!"

"You weren't talking on the telephone in your sleep, were you?"

She groaned, keeping her eyes tight shut.

"I just wondered who it was."

"Clemmy," she yelled, without opening her eyes.

"What'd she want?"

"What she always wants, what d'you suppose?"

"How do I know what Clemmy Marburg always wants?"

Linda threw the covers back frantically and sat up. She put her hand to her forehead. "Party, she's having one tonight."

"Swell chance."

"That's what I said."

The bathroom door closed behind Sam. She sat on the edge of the bed for a few moments without moving. Then she turned her head cautiously from side to side, even shook it. It was bad but not quite so bad as she expected. She rose gingerly and went to the mirror. She looked at herself from head to foot, putting her face close to the glass. Her skin was smooth and flawless, and her blond hair was silvery above her tan.

When she went in to take her bath Sam called from his room: "Want to play a set?"

"Certainly not."

"Do you good."

"Well, I don't."

"Then I guess I'll go over to Gus's and take a swim."

"I hope you do. I hope you stay there." She smiled, saying this. Sam was awful in the mornings, just all over the place, no matter how he felt. Well, he never felt any particular way, he was a perfect tank.

"That's just too bad, then, because I'm coming back for lunch. The crowd they've got there gives me a pain in the neck." Before he left his room he called in again: "You ought to come for a swim, it'd do you good."

"Oh, go away." She turned on the shower. "What's the idea, I'm not dying." Besides she couldn't stand Gus Harder or his cocktails or his pool or anything about him. Whoever opened the door to that roughneck let in too much.

She performed her toilet slowly with minute attention to her hair and nails. She fringed her long lashes very carefully with mascara and outlined the smooth bend of her lips with orange-colored lip salve that didn't come off. Then she pulled a backless, sleeveless dress of lacy blue wool over her head and thrust her thin brown feet into white sandals. For a minute she was afraid she didn't have anything to read, then remembered Clemmy had given her *The Fountain*. I don't want to see anybody, she told the servant.

The angle of the terrace was shady. Grass had been carefully planted between the gray flags set irregularly and far apart to make them look as if they'd been there a long time. Long chairs and tabourets were scattered about a bright umbrella, folded now because of the shade. Linda lay down on one of the chairs and tipped back the little fringed roof it had so she could feel the breeze better. She put her cigarettes and lighter on the little table beside her and held her book, closed in her hands. Her nails were bright magenta against the pale green binding and she admired them a moment, thinking her hands were a nice shape.

The water was very blue. Tiny waves skipped over the surface and raced up and down the beach in some terrific hurry and restlessness of their own, and a sail boat with bare poles swung slowly at anchor. Down on the shore she saw Sam junior in pink rompers staggering about with his little red pail and shovel and Miss Corse in starched white, sitting on a rock. The monotonous muffled growl of a lawn mower and the movement of the boat made her sleepy but when she closed her eyes she felt dizzy. She dozed nevertheless.

This was her system, perfect quiet. Sam's was exercise. She thought of bounding about a hot tennis court and shuddered. How could they do it? But she was glad when the morning was over and by the time Sam got back she felt a little better. He came onto the terrace unexpectedly, looking pink and robust from his swim.

"It's a great life if you don't weaken," he said.

She refused to make any response to this offensive statement. "What about a little cocktail, baby?" he wanted to know, looking down at her affectionately.

"I bet you've been drinking over at Gus's."

"Just one gin fizz, not a damn thing more."

"I thought we said we wouldn't drink any more in the day time."

"Well, you don't call one gin fizz drinking, do you?"

"Who was there?"

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"Nobody much, only that crowd. Jane Squires, of course, wanting everybody to admire her back—at this hour! And the Kleins."

"Was he as drunk as usual?"

"Not drunk as usual, only drunk."

"Her back, as if everybody didn't have a decent back!"

"She's hipped."

"I'm sick of all of them. I'm sick of parties. That riot last night—where's it getting us, I'd like to know? Going round like this every night?"

"Well, who wanted to go?"

"Oh, I did. It's always me, of course. I suppose your idea was to sit at home with a good book, wasn't it?"

"No, but gosh, we didn't have to stay till five o'clock."

"Well, I'm not going to any more. I'm fed up."

"All right, don't. I'm not forcing you to go anywhere."

"We have to go somewhere," she said after a moment.

He didn't answer. Presently Linda said: "Well, we might have just one little one before lunch."

He brightened. "You bet. It'll do you good."

"You've said that before. Think of a new one, old thing." But she felt suddenly gayer.

"Boy!" he exclaimed genially, "you had a peach on before we left."

"You're crazy. You ought to have seen Milly!"

"Oh, well, Milly—she's *gone*."

"It was those awful pick-me-ups Sandy made on top of the champagne."

She had her arm through his and they walked toward the house. While Sam was shaking the cocktails a car came into the drive. It was a man named Starling and everybody called him Darling. He had a place near theirs around the point but his wife had recently gone to Reno and he was spending the summer at the club. He came onto the sun porch looking as if he were thinking of something else.

"Hello, Linda."

"Hello."

He crossed the room walking on the balls of his feet lightly as if they were rubber balls, the way fattish men walk. He was too young to look so fat and rubbery, she thought, and his hair was too thin.

"You always wear hats, Darling, and such funny big ones."

"That's what Janet used to say. You're looking pretty fine, Linda."

"Sam's just been talking as if I was falling apart."

"No—what's the idea?" He had a whiny voice and drawled when he spoke. He looked at her from head to foot appraisingly. "You're a good-looking woman, Lindy, carrying on fine."

She laughed: "Don't turn my head with your dazzling flattery, Darling."

"No, it's the truth." He put his head in his hands and then rubbed them over his face. "God, I feel rocky today. Got to play a match too, with a crowd from Cold Harbor."

"Couple of drinks will pick you up."

"I guess so."

Sam came in with the cocktails. Linda held out her hand: "Hurry up with mama's."

Sam beamed jovially about the big shaker. "You sure know what's good for——"

"Kill him, somebody, before he says it again."

"Well, why not?" He filled the glasses a second time and emptied his, standing, with the shaker in his hand. Then he sank down into a soft chair and, lighting a cigarette, drew in the smoke deep.

They began to talk about the party. Over three cases of champagne, Sandy said so himself, and God knows how many bottles of gin.

"Klein was awful, he passed out cold. Sure. Before they got him in the car. He was awful."

Linda began to laugh. "Did you see me with Milly? She went earnest on me. Talked about women being an influence or something crazy. She even cried."

"She's just plain nuts. High-brows are worse than anybody when they get a snootful." The servant brought in a second shaker and Sam pumped it up and down till it frosted. He refilled the glasses.

Linda felt marvellous. The day was marvellous. All at once she saw the sunlight on the blue water and smelled the air sweet with the perfume of phlox and petunias. She looked at Sam and noticed how handsome he was—the best-looking man in their crowd. And crazy about her. Of course he was. There had crossed her mind the picture of a girl in a blue dress. It had been red at the last party. Lindy never spoke of her to Sam, she thought it cleverer not to. Besides, it was only at parties. People got that way when they were high. And it didn't matter, everything was all right. Everything was divine. She would have liked to lift her arms, to dance, to float around the porch to the

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music of six jazz bands. And that reminded her she must order one or two white evening dresses. Hers were getting ratty and she looked better in white than anything. She looked really swell in white—intoxicating, that man from Naugatuck said. She began to hum. That man from Naugatuck—could he dance!

Sam picked up the shaker.

"Not for me," Starling said. "I gotta go. I'll be late for my match."

"Plenty of time. Just wait for a little one."

"No, gotta go." He looked sick. His color was bad. He looked old. Well, he was old, he was nearly thirty and he looked older. "See you at Clem's tonight?" he asked, as if he were thinking of something else.

"We'll be there," Linda cried gayly. "That is if we ever get away from Gus's pool. Meet me at the bar!" Saying this she remembered she had thought in the morning she wouldn't go to Clemmy's or anywhere. She wondered why in the world she had thought that and how she had felt then. She couldn't even imagine.

CALLIOPE MUSIC

By Marlise Johnston

Do you remember when we were little and lived near the river town? I do not know how we came there or where we were before that time. All I remember is that we were there and that it was summer and we were living in a big, stone house where we had never been before. It seemed as natural and as strange for us to be there as it would have been if we had not had any life before that time, at all, but had been born into that house and into our own ages and our life there, three days before yesterday.

Father had to go away sometimes and we were left alone with Mother. Bubbitt was only four, but he was the man of the house when Father was gone and he looked after Mother and the two of us. Sometimes he forgot how important he was and cried about things like cuts and stings, but then he would remember and quickly straighten up and go on giving us advice. You were the real ruler though, because you were the oldest and were more experienced. Some place out in that other world that we had forgotten about, you had gone to school for a year, and it made a difference. Bubbitt and I pretended that it didn't, but when you spelled secrets out to Mother and when you wrote letters to Father and even addressed them yourself, we felt the difference between us and were subdued. You were the leader in everything and we were supposed to obey you. I was only a year younger than you and two years and six inches older than Bubbitt but he was a boy so that made us equals and he would not obey me at all.

We were never allowed to play with any one. The town was near at hand—only a lane's length away—but it was forbidden to us. We could not know the children of the town, the exciting, dirty children who roamed the streets by night, haunting the water front, stealing rides over to the other side. What dark, strange adventures they had over there, we never knew. We could only dream about them and wonder and envy. Whenever we went to town, by certain signs we could tell which way the river rats had passed, on their nocturnal voyages. Four-letter words on billboards, rubbish cans spilled on porches, bare foot prints indelibly marked on fresh, sticky sidewalks. How we ached with longing to sink our own bare feet down into a new pavement of cool, soft cement, to be forever and forever immortalized in stone. But we could not go barefoot and we could not leave even a footprint on other people's property.

We lived a life apart, shut away from the world, shut into security. If we ever came upon the river children, hurrying through the woods or running down the white dust road, we could only speak to them and then pass on quickly. We could never go with them, anywhere, to their secret meeting places or to their caves in the hills. So we always played alone. The three of us.

It was always so still where we were. Only the sounds of the country, bees over the fields, cluckings of sleepy hens and always and always the river for company. So wide it was, we could scarcely see across. The other side was a blur of green leaves, a glamorous, unknown country. Over a bridge below our house, trains rushed to the other side, leaving small clouds of smoke and sound as witness of their passing. Ferryboats went back and forth, carrying people over to the world beyond. We watched them starting out and we watched them returning but we could never go with them. The other side was forever an unexplored land to us, an impossibly bright country.

Beyond our front path, below a willow patch, was our own side of the river. And the river itself—brown and swift and deep—with quicksands making little whirlpools on the surface. We were forbidden to go to the river so we never went near the willow patch. We went in farther up, out of sight, where Mother couldn't find us.

There were crabapple trees up there and wild grapevines. Bushes grew round a wide, gold beach and shut it off into a tiny, secret world. The water was muddy, turbulent and warm. Boats went by and we called out to the people on board. Barges slipped past, loaded with coal and timber, house-boats, crisp and clean as valentines, and big Mississippi steamboats, with their paddle wheels churning up great waves of foam. We loved them best of all.

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Do you remember the day we ran into the black-snake? Just as we turned into our lane from the road we saw it there before us on the woodpile. I ran back and so did Bubbitt, because, although he was a boy, he was afraid of snakes, too. But you went over and picked it up. And then you said, "I'm not afraid to put this snake around my neck and walk home that way." "Oh, yes, you are," we said. "Nobody would walk home with an old snake around their neck." "Well, I will," you said, "but if I do, it will prove I know lots more than you do and you will have to obey me for a year." "Nobody would do it," we said. But you did and you

walked home that way. We thought you were just like Joan of Arc.

Life was made up of heat and sunshine, of scents and sounds and of the ever changing, quivering look of things. Summer flowed in around us and, like the river, held us to her heart. There was nothing to forget except the coming of night and nothing to remember but tomorrow. All our birthdays were over and Christmas had happened so long ago that we could not believe there would ever be another one. Nothing happened that could be used to mark off our days.

And then the Fourth of July came. We had never had one before. Do you remember?

We couldn't go any place so we had a picnic on our own front lawn. Father was home and he had planned everything. He finished our swing that day. It was so strong that we could all three be in it at the same time. You and I would stand and pump and Bubbitt would sit down. I knew it would never break but when you pumped so high that we went flying up into the leaves, my heart would stand still and I wanted to slow down. But I never said anything. Neither did Bubbitt, but when we let the old cat die and get out, his hands were always red and hot from holding on so hard.

When we opened our Fourth of July picnic basket and began to eat, we didn't run into the house to get anything. We pretended we were on a real picnic and couldn't. Father told us stories and we ate and ate. Fried chicken, angel cake and lemonade. Lichee nuts,

licorice whips and devilled ham. Then we played games. Father and Mother played with us but they embarrassed us a little because they were so easy to catch and had to be It so often.

When the sun set and dusk settled over everything, it was as if we had been home all the time and not on a picnic at all. We always had to go to bed when that gold green light came down. But that night Father said, "You don't have to go to bed tonight until morning, if you don't want to. On account of a surprise." Then he went into the house.

Everything was just like a real picnic again. We had that lovely, tingly feeling that shows something nice is going to happen very soon. We didn't say a word while Father was gone. We hoped it would be fireworks because we loved them and had never had any, but we didn't say a word, for fear it might not be.

Then Father came back and his arms were full of packages. Big ones and little ones, funny-shaped ones with their insides bulging out. It was fireworks. Hundreds of them. Pinwheels and sky rockets, Roman candles and blue flames, flares and sparklers. They smelled more exciting and looked more beautiful than any we had ever seen in windows.

Father lit the first pinwheel. It spun round and round into a circle of soft rainbow colors, flying faster and faster, with little hissing sounds. The smell of clover, the warm dark smell of the river and the powder smell of the fireworks were all mingled together.

Fireflies floated over the hayfield. A train went by below us, leaving cool tunnels of sound. A lighted house-boat drifted slowly by. We called hello to the people on board and they called back to us. Then we went back to our fireworks. Each of us had a lighted sparkler, brighter than the fireflies' glow, warmer than the stars. There were more pinwheels, haloes of rose, haloes of gold, and there were blue lights which looked like foxfire in a forest.

Our sky rockets went rushing up beyond the tallest treetops, up and up, like arrows to the sky, then broke into purring cascades of flower colors.

All loveliness, all delight that ever was, was there with us, under the trees, beside the river. It was like a place we had never been before. Bubbitt was a little choir boy holding his light carefully against the breeze. Everything was dark and enchanted.

We could not stand to have it end. Everything would end when this ended. All the light on earth would go

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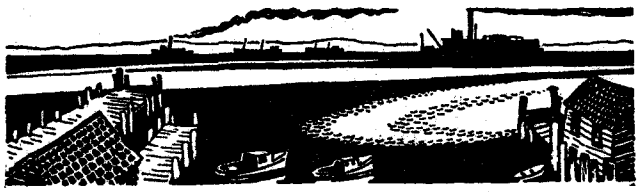

out when the last sparkler was gone. All joy, all security, all beauty would die when the last light died. There was one sky rocket left but Father didn't light it. We all sat stilly waiting, close together in the dark. The stars grew brighter and closer after the sparklers went out. Then you recited that long piece that Father had given you a dollar to learn. The Little Cat.

Do you remember?

Mother told us the story about little Kay and the Snow Queen and Father sang us his song. The song he made up as he went along. Then he said, "Let's sing our song, Bill." He always called you Bill although you were a girl.

That song always made me want to cry. It was the saddest song in the world, it was like drowning, like going down alone far out in the ocean with no one near. You and Father loved it though. And so I said, "Wait a little while and then sing it." So we waited in the darkness and the silence came creeping around us.

Then Father shot off the last sky rocket. It climbed the sky, showers of light flowed out, fell back to earth, fountains of flame broke and dissolved. The shafts made a soft shoo-shoo-shoo sound as they fell. Then the sound whispered and choked and it was all over.

You and Father began to sing your song. . . . "Where Potomac streams are flowing . . . Virginia's borders through . . . Where the white sail ships are going . . . Flowing to the ocean blue." When you got to the part about . . . "Tolling and knelling, with a sad, sweet sound," I thought I could not stand it. Mother took Bubbitt into the house to bed. You and Father followed, still singing your song.

The sound of your footsteps and of your song faded and grew soft like the sounds of the river, but all around me in the dark were the echoes and the sorrow of your song. All the river boats were gone, the fireflies had disappeared, the stars were far away and very still. The river was crying to itself and the willows brushed against each other, whispering, whispering. God was hiding down there. I was afraid of God. He was inescapable and fearful. He was everywhere, waiting to see the bad things you did. Life was not lovely, it was like your song. Everything ending. All going over, nothing that endures. The ghostly leaves above shook out the last notes of your song. Night came in around me. God moved forward from behind the willow trees.

Then you came back.

Do you remember?

"Every one has gone to bed," you said, "I have been waiting and waiting for you." You put your arm around me and we went into the big, quiet house that was so soon asleep. God followed us up the hall.

After we got into bed, we lay there listening to the melancholy voices of the dark. The corners of the room and the floor of the dark hall creaked. Witches crept up the stairs. The world was deep in dreams, unconscious and uncaring. It did not know about our fear. We were alone except for God. He was hiding outside our door. Even you were afraid of God.

It was as still as death. Loneliness settled down upon us like a heavy mist. Any minute God would come in and stand beside our bed.

And then, away up the river, a calliope began to play. Softly, softly the music floated down, like some one saying hello to us across the night. It grew closer and became more clear. Eddies of music, barrel-organ music, merry-go-round music, gypsy music poured into our room. The witches crept back down the stairs, the creaking stopped. God went away.

Calliope music—promise of earthly life going on eternally—calliope music—a denial of judgment day. All the black corners were filled with music, all the world was filled with music and with joy. The boat came into sight and drifted by outside our window. The river drew it along and the calliope still played.

The music grew fainter and fainter and after a while it was only a thin skein of sound from far off down the river.

Away up the river, another calliope began to play. A wind blew the leaves against the roof with a quiet, shushing sound. Moonlight filled the room and there was the cool taste of morning over everything.

"Tomorrow will be nice, too," you said.

Calliope music way down the river receded and faded into a frail wisp of sound. Calliope music up the river grew brighter and more gay. The night was full of comfortable sluices of sound. You reached over and took my hand. We were asleep before the calliope passed by.

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The Sacred Thing

By Paul Ryan

He entered the house shaking his head and smacking his tongue. His round little eyes had a look of worried guilt. He hung his cap and his club and his uniform coat on the rack in the hall. From the kitchen came his wife's voice: "Is it you, Mike?"

Without troubling to answer, he entered the dining-room unbuckling his revolver. His wife came in from the kitchen wiping her hands on a dish towel. She froze with alarm at his downcast eyes and shaking head. "What is it, Mike? Have you lost your job?"

"No. Oh, a hell of a thing. I haven't got over it yet. A God damn hell of a thing. But how was I to know? How the devil was I to know?" He placed his revolver on the sideboard and thumped down into a chair. His wife relaxed. He hadn't lost his job. Nothing else could be very tragic. Mike began gesturing with his hands. "I'm not a man who would do such a thing knowingly, God knows that. But what a hell of a thing to do!"

He was an enormous man with the greater part of his bulk concentrated below the belt. His shoulders sloped away from his neck giving his stature the general outlines of an egg. His hands were large, flabby and shapeless. His nose turned up and his features were pudgy. His wife loved him because he was a policeman and brought home the news first hand.

"Don't sit there and take on like a fool. What is it you've done, Mike?"

Mike shrugged sadly. "I was goin' through Lincoln Square stirrin' up the bums. You know—I do it every night. There was a bunch on the benches near Third Street. I nudged 'em with my club and told 'em to move on." Sudden memory roused Mike from his dejection. "One of 'em, a little stoop-shouldered rat in a dirty old coat a Chinaman wouldn't wear, started givin' me lip, tellin' me about his rights and cussin' under his breath." Mike's voice grew strong with anger. "I told him a thing or two about his rights. Call me a hired flunkey, will he, I showed him where he stood damn quick. I kicked his seat so he won't sit down for a week. They moved on after that, I'll tell you."

"That's right, Mike. Don't take no nonsense from them. You're the law and they got to respect you."

"A fine city this would be with the police takin' their orders from bums!"

"You're right, Mike. But what happened?"

Mike sagged instantly into dejection at this reminder. "Well, I circled around the whole park. Three more of 'em was settlin' under Lincoln's statue." He lifted his head and his voice rose again. "I didn't stop to argue with 'em this time, I'll tell you. 'See here, officer,' says one of 'em, and I gave him a poke. 'Who the hell do you think you're pushin'?' he asked. I kicked him right in the seat of his pants. 'I'll show you who I'm pushin',' I told him. They moved off after that all right. If it was me to say, I'd run 'em clear out of town. That's what's the trouble with this town, Mary. It's gettin' so there's more bums than decent citizens, and God knows where they come from—I don't."

"That's just it, Mike. And then what happened?"

Mike sagged once more into despair. "I was comin' back toward Third Street again when I sees some one sittin' on the bench up ahead under a tree where it was real dark. I figured it was one o' those bums tryin' to slip back again thinkin' I wouldn't see him. That's what I thought, Mary, so I walked up quick and give him one with my club and kicked him."

"Well, what about it? What did he do?"

"That's the terrible thing, Mary. He didn't do anything. He fell over on his face into the road. It was a dead man."

"Oh!" Mary pursed her lips and closed her eyes.

"You understand, Mary, I didn't know. I had no way of knowing. There he was on the bench, and all. I wouldn't have kicked the body of a man who was in God's own presence—who had been called to judgment by our Lord. You know that, Mary. But I didn't know." He held his hands out to her as if for forgiveness.

"No, Michael, you didn't mean it. It was only that you didn't know."

"He was a Catholic too," said Mike bitterly. "At the morgue they found medals around his neck. They say he starved to death."

Mary put one big freckled arm around his neck and took his great fist in her fat hand. Tears shone brightly in her tiny pale blue eyes. "God's will is God's will," she said gently, "and it's not for us to understand his wisdom. But He knows and He forgives."

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Mark Hanna — Big Business in Politics

By John T. Flynn

Mark Hanna marked the advent of an era which passed with the stock-market crash in 1929. In this, the third of Scribner's Magazine biographies of men who have influenced America, Mr. Flynn writes an exceedingly timely estimate of the man and his times in their relation to the present day.

MARK HANNA was born in the same year as J. Pierpont Morgan and two years before John D. Rockefeller. The shadows of these men, merged into one monstrous silhouette, brooded over the American scene for more than half a century. As Morgan dominated the financial life of the nation and Rockefeller gave direction to its industrial life, Hanna became the molder of those political forms proper to the age of Big Business.

The political control which took its rise with the rise of these men comes to a pause—a dark, disordered, and even terrifying pause—this year of grace 1933. Hanna's assumption of national boss-ship in 1896 constituted a kind of initial invasion, in which big business broke into the government. The business man in politics was, of course, always a familiar figure. If there were Carnegies and Fricks and Elkinses and Keans and Blisses in the Republican party, there was no lack of Belmonts and Whitneys and Paynes among their Democratic opponents. But up to the time of McKinley these business men were suppliants at the hands of the politicians. Rich men might seek juicy favors from the state, but always they were supposed to send a check to some one. From the day of Andrew Jackson's battle with the United States Bank down to the wholesale traffic in congressmen by Oakes Ames and the Crédit Mobilier, business men had bought senators and congressmen, legislators and aldermen. The technic which governed the relations of business man and politician was that of corruption, bribery, and flattery. Always there have been statesmen like Disraeli in England and McKinley in America who knew how to varnish over the acceptance of benefices at the hands of some rich Macaenas as adroitly as our own Jimmy Walker. Thus these bankers and industrialists exercised great influence in the state, but they did not master it. There had been plenty of Albert B. Falls but no Andrew Mellons.

With the advent of Mark Hanna this was to change. Grover Cleveland's first cabinet contained Thomas F. Bayard, a great senator, as Secretary of State; Lucius Q. C. Lamar, a professor of mathematics and economics, as Secretary of the Interior; William Crowninshield Endicott, a justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, as Secretary of War; William F. Vilas, a professor of law, as Postmaster-General; Augustus H. Garland, a statesman or politician rather than corporation lawyer, as Attorney-General; John G. Carlisle, former speaker of the House, as Secretary of the Treasury. William C. Whitney, millionaire lawyer and agent of powerful New York banking and utility interests, in the Navy Department, was a solitary exception.

McKinley's first cabinet, however, included Russell A. Alger, an enormously wealthy lumberman, Lyman J. Gage, president of the First National Bank of Chicago, James A. Gary, a rich textile manufacturer, and Cornelius N. Bliss, New York banker. Wealthy manufacturers and merchants and rentiers were slowly to replace in the Senate, the Cabinet, and diplomatic service and, finally, in the Presidency itself the professional politicians. And this was to go on until, on March 4, 1929, when this confused era moved into its latest stage, a millionaire business man President, surrounded by a cabinet of millionaire business men, took over immediately and directly the reins of the government, with a commercial banker at the Court of St. James's, an investment banker in Italy, a utility magnate in Berlin, an advertising man in Paris, a steel maker in Spain, and millionaire business men representing us in almost all the capitals of the world.

The process was completed when in October, 1929, we heard Gabriel over Wall Street, and the President, as that fateful premonitory shiver ran through our economic structure, summoned around him the College of the Captains. At that moment every phase of our life was in the hands of business men. The test for their power was at hand and, led by a great engineer and great industrial ministers of state, these bankers and

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manufacturers and utility magnates were to seize the depression in its infancy and crush it. In that hour the Great God Business might be said to have become supreme, even though the very earth shook under the images of the Idol.

It was Herbert Hoover's melancholy destiny to be the last inheritor of the sceptre which Mark Hanna forged. For it was this wholesale grocer and iron and coal merchant, street railway baron, and banker of Cleveland who was the first masterful instrument of the usurpation by business. He drifted into politics in almost the same way business drifted into politics. And he became almost overnight the very symbol of big business ruling the government. The cartoonist, Davenport, seized upon his countenance and figure, decked him out in dollar-marked plaids and made him the type of the lawless baron crushing the lowly. But if Davenport had not done this, some other artist would have adopted that round, lusty face, with its strong jaws and low gable and the whole strong, portly figure. And to this day the cartoonist, aiming a shot at arrogant and despotic business, will, almost without realizing it, move his pencil into the lines of Davenport's devastating caricature.

Hanna emerged into power at the moment when big business put to work for its own purposes the cherished doctrine of individualism. Certain aggressive men had begun to expand their power out of all proportion to their natural endowment. They learned how to arm themselves with machines, to absorb the combined resources of many individuals through the corporate form and thus to become, beside their lesser rivals, almost monstrous beings. Few men could hope to assume such armaments. But there were plenty of pious and complacent statesmen like the McKinleys and Hays and Roots to remind the people who cried out against these half-understood giants that any attempt to disarm the monsters would be a blow at the hardy cult of individualism. It was a merry invention to which Hanna gave his fullest assent. As the years wore on even many conservative observers of the swelling spectacle of big business began to see there was something askew in this notion of individualism, until Herbert Hoover arrived on the scene, and with the authority of the Presidency behind him, invoked once more this discarded fetish and blessed it with the name of rugged. The journals of apology took it up eagerly and proceeded to explain to little Jack that the Giant was an individual just like himself—though perhaps a trifle more rugged.

Hanna held fast to the theory of prosperity by percolation. That, of course, was no new conception. The feudal lord enabled the elements of his strength to sift down to his vassals and their villeins. The Southern slave-owner believed he was the divinely appointed wide end of the funnel through which blessings flowed down to his negro hands, just as the haughty coal baron, George Baer, believed that God appointed the anthracite mine owners as the generators of the favors which dripped down upon the half-starved coal miners of Pennsylvania. Had Hanna been President when the depression arrived he would have convoked the College of Captains; he would have summoned the employers to tell them to be good to their workers and not to cut wages; he would have organized the Reconstruction Finance Corporation; and as the structure continued to crumble despite all these braces built around the roof, he would have wondered what evil and mysterious mischance defeated all these perfectly obvious and wise measures.

II

Mark Hanna was born September 24, 1837, in New Lisbon, Ohio. At the time, his grandfather, Robert Hanna, and his tall, industrious sons, were the rich men of New Lisbon, where they ruled a wholesale and retail grocery business. It was a strong breed—Virginia Hicksite Quakers and Vermont Presbyterians—bent on getting along, worshipping law, hating slavery, liquor, and disorder, keeping out of public affairs, minding strictly their own business.

Mark's father was the only one of his brothers to obtain any education. He got the rudiments of culture in a little Mid-Western college. Later he studied medicine and returned to New Lisbon with a medical diploma and became known as Doctor Leonard Hanna. But he never practised his profession. A fall from his horse was given as an excuse for abandoning medicine and joining his father and brothers in the grocery store. He was more in love with trade than with learning, but the medical degree gave Doctor Hanna, as he was called, a position of superiority over the other tradesmen among whom he moved. He was the first of the Hannas to become interested in public affairs. The Doctor took up temperance as a cause and lectured in all the adjoining counties. He lifted his voice against slavery. He made frequent swings about the hustings, was a formidable debater, and was said upon one occasion to have crossed words with the redoubtable Tom Corwin, the first great stump speaker in our political history. When the railroads came, and left New Lisbon far from the new currents of trade and the Hanna fortunes became tangled in an unfortunate canal venture, Doctor Leonard pulled up stakes and went to Cleveland where he established the wholesale grocery house of Hanna, Garretson and Company.

The good doctor seems to have been an odd mixture of weakness, peevishness, good nature, hard sense, and emotion. He loved the rôle of a savant, became intensely involved emotionally in the political struggles

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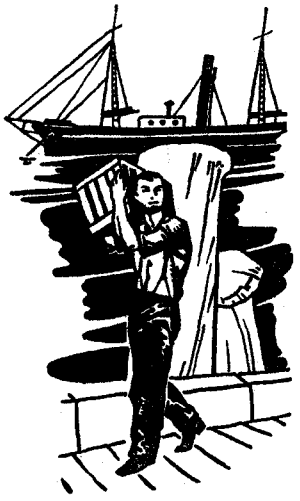
preceding the war, actually fainted on hearing the news of Lincoln's election, and died finally of softening of the brain.

Hanna's mother was of sterner stuff. And if it was Doctor Hanna who filled his son's ears with the incessant sounds of political discussion, it was Samantha Converse, the daughter of dry Vermont realists, who endowed him with those imperious qualities of soul which made Hanna a leader. She was one of those haughty, commanding females which the times produced—sharp, self-righteous, sure of herself and her breed, robust, narrow, and certain that the members of the little circle to which she belonged were the keepers of the town's culture. Culture was coming to be quite a plant. The fragile weed had only just broken through the dry dust of the prairies. The second and third generations of the early settlers began to take on the airs of aristocrats—a sort of prairie Brahmin. If there was a scrap of education —Hanna's mother had been a school teacher—and a fragment of ancient grandeur extant such as the old silver spoon and silver candlestick which she possessed from an ancestor, the assumption of aristocracy became aggressive.



This woman hated poverty. She had been reared in that favored section of the Western Reserve which poured out its abundance in grain and coal and iron and oil and where only the idle and shiftless were poor. As times changed she never understood, any more than her famous son, that there may be flaws in the social organization which imposes poverty as a doom upon many. She hated sentimentality about poverty, or anything else for that matter, with all the hardness of her Vermont forebears. At the theatre, if the play fell into a strain of mawkish sentiment and her neighbors dared to like it, she would look about her with a challenging eye and a snort of contempt.

Mark Hanna's education was of the most immature sort. As a lusty, rosy-cheeked boy he attended the public grammar school in the basement of the Presbyterian Church in New Lisbon. When the family moved to Cleveland he attended grammar school and then the Central High, where John D. Rockefeller was one of his classmates. Neither shone at school. Hanna was twenty years old before he struggled to the end of the simple course of Central High with boys two to four years his junior. Then he went to Western Reserve College only to be ejected after a few months for some harmless prank. After this he obeyed his own desires and put on a pair of overalls as a roustabout on the River Street docks in his father's grocery business.

Life ran strong in this youth. In spite of his mother's commanding manner, discipline in the home had been lax. The Hannas were Quakers but did not go to church. Hanna himself was never a religious man and while in later years he gave freely to many churches, it was chiefly during political campaigns. He was a self-willed youth. At fifteen he became engaged to a small creature in New Lisbon. The Hanna menage accepted the situation as a point on which young Mark ought not to be crossed. This green romance was humored and permitted to run its course.

After a brief novitiate as a roustabout, Hanna moved up to a clerkship in the grocery business of Hanna, Garretson and Company, then as a purser on one of its lake steamers, then as a travelling salesman, and then as a part of the general management of the enterprise. The world of affairs in Cleveland first became aware of this robust youth when in his twenties he became a familiar figure in River Street—a stocky, thick-chested, large-shouldered, virile young man, with huge alert brown eyes and a heavy bush of matted beard along the edges of his powerful jaw. The upper lip was clean-shaven after the manner of the time. And thus Mark Hanna appeared for many years—with the heavy chin beard and bare upper lip so popular in the West of that day.

When the war came, like the Rockefellers and Morgans and Wanamakers and other sensible business men of the time, he knew the Union was safe as long as the supply of common labor held out for drafting. He remained home and later his biographer invented a good excuse for his conduct. At the close of the war he was drafted into service for a few brief months as a second lieutenant to help repel General Jubal Early's raid upon the Capital. It must be said for him, however, that after the war he did not join the G. A. R. and exhibit himself at camp-fires until near the end of his life when the pressure of politics and the power of the American Legion of that day forced him in.

The remainder of his business career is soon told. It is unimportant save in two particulars. From the grocery business he went into oil and then into the development of steamships on the lake. Then he married the daughter of Daniel Rhodes, a pioneer in coal and iron business. Not very long after he was in his father-in-law's firm and when the old man died Hanna dominated it and changed its name to Hanna and Company, with his brothers as partners. They became large miners and dealers in coal, iron ore, and pig iron, owners of a fleet of steamers and finally builders of ships. Thus he amassed a fortune and when he died left an estate valued at seven million dollars.

There were two interesting features in his business

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career. One was the variety of his interests. Unlike Rockefeller, who stuck with dogged singleness of purpose to his last, Hanna had to have his irons in many fires. He bought and ran a newspaper, owned a theatre, organized and became president of a bank, and became one of the two leading street railway magnates of Cleveland. The other point of interest lay in this little-considered fact: that while he was regarded as the representative of big business and great corporations, Hanna himself did not commit his own fortunes to the corporate form. His business was and remained until after his death a partnership. And while it grew and spread to many allied lines—ships and railroads and coke and blast furnaces—and some of these were actually incorporated, they were old-fashioned corporations, closely held—really incorporated partnerships. Hanna, like Rockefeller, and unlike Morgan and Rogers and Gould and many other contemporaries, never used other people's money. He was a builder and developer—a sound and able business man, who accumulated a large fortune and ended by losing interest altogether in acquiring any more.

III

When in 1896 after McKinley's nomination, the convention rose and called for Hanna, the "king-maker," and the thick-chested, rugged, smiling Clevelander mounted the platform, the newspapers hailed him as a newcomer in politics, the business man who had turned boss and routed the veterans Platt and Quay and Reed. The dramatization pleased the press. But Hanna was no tyro. He was a political leader at least as experienced as any man in the convention.

He began his career as a business man. Until he was forty he took little active interest in politics. As it fell out, in the middle seventies an important phenomenon was shaping itself in American political life, the effects of which survive to this day. The party of Lincoln, fresh from the exalted evangel against human slavery, was being made into the party of that new thing, Big Business. This was the work of chance. The war had made the Republican party supreme in the North. Big Business was stretching out and challenging all sorts of old-fashioned rights. The railroads were in continual collision with state governments. Oil, sugar, iron, coal corporations were moving ruthlessly back and forth across state frontiers. Gas companies and street railway corporations had to appeal to city governments for the use of the streets. All the business men behind these enterprises, like practical managers, made their peace with the political party that was in power. And this chanced to be the Republican party. When the Democratic party returned to power in the South and in some of the great cities of the East the same elements could be found collaborating with their Democratic allies. Hanna's own interest in politics had been for years quite casual. He could be found around the polls on election day and at ward meetings with the "better element," throwing his weight on the side of "good government."

It was not until 1876 that he found a good personal business reason for moving actively in politics. At this time business and politics were two separate estates. Their edges touched. Some members in each estate flowed freely over the other's boundaries. Sometimes it was a little difficult to tell whether this one was a business man in politics or a politician in business. One of the best known highways between these two estates of business and politics was the little old-fashioned horse-car railway. And it was on this line that Mark Hanna rode finally into the world of the politicians.

Hanna's father-in-law Daniel Rhodes was part owner of a little fifteen-mile horse-car line which ran over the viaduct to the Public Square. It was managed by Rhodes's partner, Elias Sims, a hard-bitten old steamboatman, who was president of the company. Of course, old Elias Sims was in continual quarrels with the city authorities. Aldermen had learned early how to grant competing franchises to political friends to be sold out to the existing roads. Of course, old Sims had to keep *en rapport* with the Cleveland fathers. "All councilmen want," he complained, "is money. Have to go 'round with my pocketbook in my hand all the time."

When Daniel Rhodes died in 1875, Hanna assumed the management of his wife's interest. And immediately his interest in politics bristled. But it was not until 1879 that he became a director of the road and collaborated directly with Sims in its management.

Immediately Hanna confronted a new figure rising in Cleveland—a figure destined to make a generous contribution to the gaiety of the city. This was Tom L. Johnson. Johnson had begun almost as a youth with a single horse-car and had built up a prosperous street-car line. He and Sims were in continual warfare. And Hanna was quickly drawn in. Between Hanna and Johnson there was an impassable gulf. Johnson was a huge, portly but powerful, dynamic, generous-minded man, quite as full of combat as Hanna. Both started in business and ended in politics. But Hanna was always the business man in politics, Johnson the politician in business. Hanna was profoundly satisfied with the world as he found it. Johnson was no less profoundly dissatisfied. Johnson became the leader in Cleveland's street railways. But in the midst of his success, a copy of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" fell into his hands. When he had read it he rose up as completely converted as Saul of Tarsus. Henceforth he became a valiant warrior for George's single-tax theory and for other popular reforms in government. In the end he sold out his railway interests, went to Congress, became

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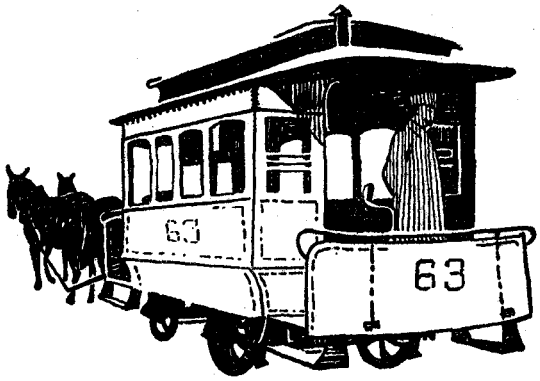
Mayor of Cleveland, and achieved fame by his crusade for municipal ownership and the three-cent fare.

He soon came to embody the spirit of revolt against control by the corrupt utility interests, while Mark Hanna became no less the symbol of that control. These two men fought for over two decades in Cleveland and Ohio. And this long warfare began as Hanna joined Sims in the direction of the little horse-car line. Johnson and Sims went through one of their numerous battles over a franchise. Johnson won and Hanna, who hated defeat, was furious. He hurried to old Sims, and glowering at him with his huge brown eyes and shaking his long chin whiskers, he demanded that Sims buy him out or sell. Sims sold.



Before long Hanna found himself facing the pushing Johnson in another fight. The river cut Cleveland in two sections. Johnson's line was on one side of the river. He proposed to acquire a line on the other side, unite the two, and give a continuous ride across town for a nickel. He needed a new franchise for this and before the council he found Hanna bitterly contesting the plan. All his life Mark Hanna stood against any cuts in the revenues of business. Years later his first battle in the Senate was to protect the steel trust's effort to squeeze an extortionate price out of the government for armor plate. This Hanna-Johnson fight waxed hot. At every session of the council, the squat, square-shouldered, burly figure of the coal, iron, banker, and utility magnate could be seen in the chamber, buttonholing members, hammering his cane on the floor, expostulating violently with them. Two days before the final vote Johnson got a summons from old Elias Sims to visit him. Sims told Johnson he controlled two votes in the council and that these would be delivered to Johnson. Why? asked the astonished Johnson. "It takes mor'n a fool to beat Hanna," muttered Sims. "If you beat Hanna nobody can say any damned fool can beat Sims. You beat me. I want you to beat Hanna." With Sims's two votes Johnson did beat Hanna with but a single vote to spare.

Hanna denounced Johnson's plan to give "two rides" for a single fare. The service would cost five cents. The line would run at a loss. As it turned out the new line proved Johnson's most prosperous venture.

But Hanna could beat Johnson too. These two men rose to riches, electrified their lines, built them into powerful properties. Consolidation followed consolidation until but two companies dominated the city—the Big Consolidated (Johnson's line) and the Little Consolidated (Hanna's line). Finally the two lines merged and Johnson sold out. Hanna hated Johnson. He hated everything the man stood for. He would grow red in the face and pound his stick as he denounced him as a radical, a socialist, a destroyer of society.

As mayor, Johnson attempted to run trolleys for three cents a ride. To Hanna this was hardly less than treason. Johnson forced the council to grant the necessary franchises to the city. Hanna promptly induced the attorney-general, Joseph Sheets, to bring an action declaring the city government of Cleveland unconstitutional. This was the same Joseph Sheets who later was to dismiss the injuctions against the Standard Oil Company. The court sustained Hanna's contention. City governments all over Ohio were thrown into confusion by the decision. The governor called a special session of the legislature to reconstruct municipal governments. Hanna went to Columbus to sponsor a bill to permit the granting of perpetual franchises to his own company. The legislature adopted the new city government code but Hanna's perpetual franchise was a little too much even for that corporation-controlled body to swallow.

These battles raged for years. Cleveland belonged to its iron, oil, gas, electric, and street car interests, its banks and real estate promoters. Hanna became the recognized spokesman for these interests. They began to look to him to defend them. Thus led into politics by his railway company, he came to like it. He was a man of restless energy, who loved combat and power. His own business was well and soundly organized and prosperous and he found he could take more and more time for his excursions into political strife. By the late 'eighties he was a familiar figure in Cleveland. His round ruddy face, with its long narrow beard streaming down over his chin, his portly body, his heavy square shoulders, his flat-topped bowler hat became well known to Clevelanders. They saw him driving his horses along Euclid Avenue, sitting in his private box at his own theatre, moving about the neighborhood of the Public Square, stopping to converse vigorously, often angrily with acquaintances, pounding his stick on the pavement. Though only a local celebrity he was a figure of importance and power.

IV

Hanna will always be known as the man who made McKinley president. The American newspaper of his day loved to tell the story of the hard-bitten business man who had suddenly forsaken the counting-room

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for politics to make his friend president. And then the tale was embellished with the legend of how Hanna had first met and come to admire McKinley when, years before, the young lawyer beat him in a law suit.

All this was far from the truth. Hanna's ambition to be a president-maker had been formed before he became intimate with McKinley. He had, in fact, first come to know the latter when he was engaged, a dozen years before, in an effort to make John Sherman the Republican nominee for president. At that convention in 1884, Hanna was one of Ohio's big four.

It was there that he first found himself in contact with McKinley and Foraker, who were also delegates at large. Hanna supported Sherman, but Foraker and McKinley threw their strength to Blaine who was nominated. Thereafter Hanna maintained friendly relations with both men but saw little of McKinley, then in Congress. In the next Republican convention Hanna took the lead as the campaign manager for old Senator John Sherman, who was thought to have a fighting chance for the presidency. The Ohio delegation was pledged to Sherman. McKinley was then a commanding figure in Congress, Foraker was the dashing governor of Ohio. And in this convention Hanna formed his devoted friendship for McKinley and began his lifelong feud with Foraker.

McKinley's name first came into notice as a presidential candidate in that 1888 convention. It was in that year, after Harrison's nomination, and after McKinley had been hailed as a coming possibility, that Hanna, convinced that Sherman's star had set, decided to switch to McKinley, because, as he told a friend, "I am going to stop riding the wrong horse." His real friendship for McKinley came after he had settled on that gentleman as his next entry for the presidency.

These three men—Hanna, McKinley, Foraker—formed a striking group. Each was to rise as a presidential possibility. Each represented a wholly different type in American politics. If we add to the group William J. Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, and Matthew Stanley Quay, we will have a gallery of indigenous leaders which could be duplicated on a small scale in every state and village of the country. McKinley, the pious, respectable patriot, the cautious opportunist speaking the language of courage and strength; Foraker, the strong, able, audacious, and unscrupulous demagog; Roosevelt and Bryan, both high-minded idealists, one a confirmed chauvinist and jingo with an immense store of practical political skill, the other an uncompromising crusader for fixed causes; Hanna and Quay—bosses—Quay openly corrupt and deriving his power from his dominion over an unspeakably rotten state machine, Hanna getting his power from the stores of money which he could command from the combined forces of business organizations interested in public privileges of all sorts. He was the business man turned politician, with very low standards of public principles, but standing resolutely by them.

Of these, the most important in Hanna's career was McKinley. The Major, as he was known, was in 1888 just forty-five years old. He had already served six terms in Congress where he had attained fame as a militant protectionist. When President he said of Theodore Roosevelt that "he was always in such a state of mind." This described a temper precisely the opposite of McKinley's. The Major never tilted at abuses. Mark Hanna was not more satisfied with the world as he found it than McKinley, whose name is identified with no effort in any direction to enlarge or improve the condition of his fellow men.

He was a type peculiarly useful to stronger men in our boss-ridden system. The busy, practical purveyors of privilege and collectors of graft who rule the machines must have well-favored men who can be thrust out in front to give a good appearance to their ranks. McKinley was peculiarly fitted for this rôle. He was a pious soul, eminently respectable, handsome, distinguished in appearance, an able speaker, and greatly admired for his domestic virtues. He staged himself elaborately, remained always in character. He was a man who looked learned and yet who possessed very limited information on history or economics or law. He was never a student or reader of books though he came to be looked upon as a model of wisdom. His range of ideas was, like that of Mark Hanna, limited. He took up the philosophy, the mood, the character of the generation in which he was born and held fast to it. As a politician he had almost no fixed or important political views which could not be easily altered to suit his party. It was easy to be a high-tariff man in a high-tariff state, but even on this issue his record is not free from inconsistencies.

A kind of legend grew up around the sweetness and patience of his home life. His wife was an epileptic. As a result she was a whimpering, querulous creature who spent her life in the contemplation and nourishment of her own sufferings. McKinley was deeply devoted to her. He yielded to this complaining and difficult woman a romantic and chivalrous attention which made Mark Hanna exclaim, "McKinley is a saint." Hanna, like Joe Cannon and other contemporaries, liked the society of men, enjoyed a rubber of whist and an evening of chat. He was a simple soul and easily mistook McKinley's lack of fondness for these perfectly normal masculine enjoyments for a kind of sainthood.

McKinley had an easy, unruffled amiability, which never permitted him to quarrel with any one. In his very first meeting with Hanna—which Hanna, incidentally, never remembered—the Major as a young at-

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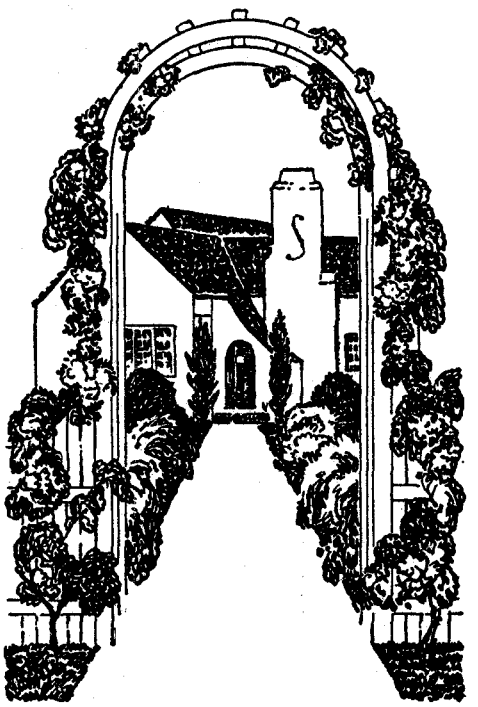
A Bourgeois Takes His Stand

By Ludwig Lewisohn

A famous author states his faith in the middle class, and presents a case for the dignity and worth of the bourgeois.

I

All over the world the middle class is not only impoverished but discouraged; it is not only discouraged but shell-shocked. It has lost inner vitality and belief in itself. Under successive moral and material crises it has finally permitted its clamorous foes to invade its very conscience. From this confusion springs the rich or once-rich radical and the son of middle-class parents using the leisure they have created for him to take a carefully conducted tour to Leningrad and Moscow and come home fired with a Utopianism of escape. The term *bourgeois* makes the *bourgeois* wince; property has become a bad word; there is consent to darkness and acquiescence in mischief. Perhaps we must abandon civilization, this perfectly integral civilization which mankind has built up. I do not for a moment believe in that necessity. But even those who do might spare themselves and others their glorification of the race's plunge into dirt and chaos. They might go down to disaster like men and not like clowns.



A grave and initial recent error of the middle class has been its acceptance of its enemies' notion and definition of itself. Although few of its members have actually read *Das Kapital,* the influence of that powerful presentation of half-truths has sickered through a hundred channels and has convinced the middle class that it is nothing indeed except the creation, sometime in the sixteenth century, of the "transformation of feudal into capitalistic exploitation." Now exploitation is an ugly word for an ugly thing; a rational civilization will take rational means for its elimination. But today there clings to the concept something of superstitious awe. Who has not seen tender-minded bourgeois intellectuals quietly sorrowing over their domestic servant because that servant, in an atmosphere of generosity and good will, was helping to liberate them for the increase of spiritual values and was not punching the time-clock in some brutal and metallic factory of horn combs or tin cans? In brief, a new set of superstitions has arisen: the *bourgeois,* under the sinister influence of the word exploitation, subtly identifies himself with the oligarch, whether that oligarch be the ruthless *magnifico* type, like the late Mr. Morgan, or the supermechanic type, like Mr. Ford. Both are infinitely alien to middle-class character and psychology. Or else our bourgeois, tenderly fearing that some of his small freedom from sordid care and hence his possibility of exercising disinterestedness may conceivably be based upon the famous "surplus profit" of Marxian theory, instead of calmly looking for a better technic, proposes to abandon the freedom and disinterestedness without which civilization cannot endure and life itself would become meaningless to exploiter and exploited alike.

It is possible to introduce some order into these confusions; it is possible to think more broadly than within the hectic limitations of a controversy or even of an age. We hear a great deal about the classes of society and the divergent interests of those classes, which are finally thought of as necessarily leading to a war between them. And we are asked to accept as fact that the present stratification of classes did not arise until modern capitalism—this is the Marxian account—favored the growth of cities and turned the serf of the fields into the landless proletarian worker. And we are asked to believe that all this happened, as it were, in the void. For when we ask how it came to happen, we are given facts concerning pre-capitalistic economic factors and their influence upon society and we are left finally,

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if we stop to think beyond the catchwords of the age, with the impression that economic conditions and changes happened *to* mankind, which neither originated them nor consciously or unconsciously reacted toward them in any formative fashion. We are crudely told, in essence if not in so many words, that in this great game of economic history, which is the only kind of history, man is not even one of the determining factors. A chain of cause and effect is presented to us, of which all the links are non-human and non-psychological; the entire ascertained and ascertainable range of strictly human activity, from the tattooing and grave-building of primitive man to the elaborate and overwhelming civilizatory structures that spring from the triune creative urges of sex, religion, and art, is omitted and this creature, known as man, is represented as having had no active relation to the single question of its food-supply.

Is that credible? Is it even conceivable? Are we not involved here in one of those unreal ideological structures with the building of which passion had more to do than reason? It grew up, in fact, during that impassioned nineteenth-century reaction against myth and dogmatic religion and cruel moral conventions which, infinitely useful and wholesome in itself, overshot its mark by its emotional pre-determination that the universe must be a mechanism and man a developed animal. By an act of anterior faith, psychologically identical with those of believers in a religion, the creative activity of man was eliminated from the world-process. Survivors of the nineteenth century of the highest eminence and usefulness to humanity, such as Sigmund Freud, still suffer from the mechanistic mythology of their earlier years and insist on "reducing" all human phenomena to a passive rôle. It is from such visions and the reasoning derived from them that we get the picture of man as the helpless object of his environment and of the stratification of society as dependent wholly on the changing character and quantity of the food-supply.

The moment we liberate ourselves from that preconceived vision and throw an impartial glance upon the various and multi-colored world, a totally different picture of reality arises. Facing each other diagonally across the sea, amid not dissimilar semi-barren hills and valleys, cultivating the olive and the wine, raising the bee and the sheep, dwelt in antiquity the people of Attica and those of Judea. The Greeks had come, it is thought, somewhere from the far eastern home of the Aryans; and the Hebrews, the *chabiru,* had come, it is thought, out of the deserts of the south. And these two peoples conquered markedly similar lands, dwelt for ages in analogous physical environments, and produced in their civilization—in myth, in religion, in government, in social feeling and social structure—the classical and eternal antithesis of western history which is interwoven into the being of every thinking creature. And somewhere in the west Pacific Ocean lie, in equatorial regions of similar climatic character, those Trobriand Islands, of which Professor Malinowski has given us so exact and stirring a report, and also that island of Bali that has justly in recent years acquired an almost romantic fame. And the black Trobrianders are, despite the strange intricacy of their rites and customs, a naked savage folk with but the slightest arrested structure of either material or spiritual civilization. But any one who has seen the exquisite cream-colored women of Bali, dancing amid the elaborate splendor created by their people, to a music which, despite its eerie strangeness, is at once recognizable as serious art, those grave ritual and dramatic dances in which, as in the earliest ceremonial dance-worship of the Greeks, myth, sex, and art are not yet divided—he who has seen that and reflected at the same time upon the life of the dark Pacific races, whether on the Marquesas or Trobriand Islands, has received an unforgettable lesson in the creative primacy of race and racial psychology, in the freely shaping spirit of man. Now no thinking person can fail at once to multiply for himself other examples both from the past and from the present. The argument, furthermore, is overwhelmingly strengthened by the established fact of both prehistoric and historic migrations. Few races or groups seem to have been ultimately indigenous to the lands in which they built their characteristic cultures. Gross and external traits derive from climatic facts. The Esquimau cannot go naked nor the Marquesan swathe himself in furs. Yet the difference that really counts between two such remote races will be found—and has by anthropologists been found—to be in their psychological attitude, their mythic and social *Einstellung* toward their environments as given, not in the difference between skins and leaves. Thus, too, all men are affected by hunger in a similar way. But it is external. When they have been driven to new grazing places or to warmer lands and their hunger is appeased, each racial or civilizatory group will build the culture that is the outer projection of its specific character. Environment, in brief, though it need not and must not be underestimated, is a strictly secondary fact. Group psychology creating group culture is the primary fact of human history.

Now let us apply that fact to the stratification of society, to the classes and the relations between them as most people have accepted them from the nineteenth-century materialists and economic determinists. According to this account "bourgeois ideology" is the monopoly of the exploiting classes of modern industrial society. Its characteristic aims, security, dignity, privacy, liberation from sordid care for the sake of cultural

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disinterestedness, are wicked aims won at the cost of the industrial wage-slave, the surplus profit of whose labor supplies the fat-paunched bourgeois with his wicked gains. Now that fat-paunched, stupid, and ruthless bourgeois *exists*—he exists in huge and disheartening numbers, precisely as among the populace there exist in at least equally disheartening proportions the morons, the morally and intellectually sub-normal, ill-bred of immemorially defective stocks, the objects of whose superstitions can be changed, whose masters can be shifted, but who cannot be improved by a change in social structure that seems to give them a power which, from the nature of things, they cannot exercise. In brief, humanity is tragically imperfect. Classes or kinds of men must be judged by their best examples, by their more hopeful total trends. When that is done the aims I have assigned as the characteristic ones of middle-class life and ideology will not be found far amiss. The bourgeois desires security, dignity, privacy, liberation from sordid care for the sake of cultural disinterestedness. If he does not desire the last for himself, he desires it or, at least in many cases, creates it for his children.

Consider the man who desires these things. Is he really a burgher merely, a product of that modern "burgh" which grew with the growth of capitalism, with the accumulation of "surplus" profit? Is it possible that aims so natural to such a being as man should have waited until somewhere in the sixteenth century to develop? Is this wicked bourgeois with his wicked ideology who, according to our communist friends, has not only oppressed and robbed the people but corrupted their entire spiritual life, so that we must put aside our Isaiah and our Plato, our Milton and our Goethe and learn what it becomes us to know from Marx and Lenin, from Pilniak and the young practitioners of "Prolet-art"—is this bourgeois really a modern economic class-product? Or is he, by any chance, not a creature of economic forces and of a class at all but quite simply an eternal human type who has existed within every civilization—a psychological and moral type, to which we owe all the major achievements of human civilization, including *Das Kapital*? For the father of Karl Marx was a Jewish lawyer, who was so ruthless a careerist that he caused himself and his whole family to be baptized. So Karl at the age of twenty-five was able to marry a Gentile lady of most aristocratic lineage and soon thereafter to declare that the Jews could be emancipated only by the emancipation of society from Judaism—*i.e.*, from commercialism. We know, alas, the inner psychological structure of this Jewish self-hatred in the bosom of the Jewish renegade! What could poor Marx do except project his self-hatred upon outer objects, upon the bourgeoisie from which he sprang and which, to heal himself, he must burden with what he hated in his kith and clan and in himself? But he was a Jew still. And so his heart was wrung, especially during his years in England, by the great sufferings of the industrial workers. So what was there left him to do except plan a scientific Utopia in which the objects of his hatred were the villains and the objects of his pity the heroes? I do not for an instant deny that *Das Kapital* is a work of considerable scientific value. But its *vision* is the flight into Utopia of a doubly homeless and spiritually disinherited bourgeois.

II

Perhaps we can find our bourgeois, our middle-class man, our man who by temperament desires not power and danger but security and dignity and privacy and liberation for cultural activities, long before his supposed rise during the early capitalist period. Perhaps we can find him even in antiquity. He was not as numerous then as he has since become. Oligarchs and their slaves fill the foreground of the ancient world and perhaps for that very reason the cultures of antiquity are both less dense and less humane than ours. But he begins to appear, that bourgeois type, that man between extremes, and we learn of his existence, as we have always done since, through his sons. Thus we hear that the father of Aristotle was a physician and that Plato came of a good but not oligarchical family and that Aristophanes' father was a landowner. We know that Cicero came of upper middle-class people, but though his father had achieved equestrian rank, he was rumored to have started life as a cloth-maker. The father of Vergil was a solid yeoman and so was the father of Horace. But in the latter case we witness a phenomenon that has gone on ever since, namely this, that when a man of ability is born in the populace he becomes a bourgeois, not from merely predatory motives, as the communists would have us believe, but because brains and ability aspire toward dignity and security without which there can be no disinterested culture and so we have Horace's tender and memorable tribute to the care which his father, the former freedman, the manumitted slave, expended on his son's nurture and education. It is always the same story. And if the proletarian father does not himself adopt the bourgeois ideology, the gifted son does so. The men of genius of proletarian birth have all led bourgeois lives, from Terence, the African slave, through Keats and Hebbel to Theodore Dreiser. And one is not surprised to note that Dante's father was a solid burgher and Chaucer's a well-to-do vintner and Copernicus's a merchant and Shakespeare's a glover and burgess of Stratford and Milton's a scrivener who could liberate his son for that son's necessary development and

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Goethe's a gentleman in easy circumstances who could do the same. Nor does the story change when we examine the lineage of the supreme benefactors of mankind—of Pasteur, whose father was a tanner, of Robert Koch who came of good bourgeois stock, of those sons of Jewish merchants and even bankers, Paul Ehrlich, August von Wassermann, Albert Einstein. I have chosen my names almost, if not quite, at random. Their number could be multiplied a hundredfold. Their significance, closely examined, closely thought upon, is overwhelming. For the biologists tell us that dominant characters, both good and evil ones, are handed down in families regardless of sex, that we are profoundly and in all quantitative matters demonstrably what our parents and even what our remote ancestors have made us; they teach us, furthermore, that brothers placed in an orphanage do not vary more from each other than those left in the parental environment. Blood, in the sound old adage, tells. It is from similar psycho-biological strains that the creators of human civilization have constantly sprung. It was no dull hind or mechanical-minded drudger that begot Sophocles or Mozart. Hence it is no wonder that, where harmonious strains are happily mated, whole creative families should arise: The Jameses and Adamses of Massachusetts, the Huxleys, the Manns of Lübeck, the Wassermanns of Bamberg, or that occasionally a man begets almost a brood of minor and major geniuses, like that baker and miller of the sixteenth century, Veit Bach, who is reported to have played the zither in his leisure hours.

The psycho-biological type of the middle, which has created civilization, is not rigidly bound to what is artificially isolated as a class today; it is fairly constantly recruited from the masses; it may mildly appear, though this is rare, among the last descendants of a tribe of predatory aristocrats, like the Keyserlings. On the other hand, the son of bourgeois parents may, at long intervals, like Napoleon Buonaparte, join the ranks of the volitional madmen who, from Alexander of Macedon on, have been the chief enemies of human civilization. But these very exceptions prove that we are dealing with a psycho-biological strain and type which creates the environment it desires and is but slightly dominated or conditioned by it. Races or groups with their mysterious will toward specific civilizations are, as we have seen, primary. Within this original frame-work we find certain types that do not vary greatly within the circle of recorded history: the ruler-warrior type which becomes oligarch with pseudo-bourgeois trimmings in an industrial civilization; the great inarticulate undifferentiated masses; the middle type which has, so far at least, created what is known as human culture. To these facts the communists, the avowed enemies of what has hitherto been known as human civilization, bear the most definite though unavowed witness. They propose to destroy not only private property, which *per se* might be an arguable question of economic technic; they propose hotly to destroy bourgeois ideology, *i.e.*, the precise ideology which has built all historical civilizations. They are rabid environmentalists and behaviorists, thus rejecting not only the findings of biological science but the observations of every sane creature and land us ultimately in the unintelligible myth that with the varieties of human culture and conduct man himself has nothing to do. Yet from this myth they exempt themselves by *their* shrilly avowed intention of smashing the historical civilization of mankind and rebuilding human society according to another and unheard-of pattern. They admit, in brief, the primacy of the ideological, the philosophic, and religious *will* among men toward one kind of civilization or another. They cannot build theirs unless ours is destroyed. That is profoundly true. The practice of the institutes of higher learning of the Soviet Union to exclude the children of the former bourgeoisie and thus to cripple intellectually the psychical bearers of historic civilization, is a further admission of the primacy of moral and spiritual factors. For these people, who are excluded, are propertyless and impotent. They have nothing left but their minds and wills. These, however, are correctly recognized as decisive.

Let us now examine our bourgeois, our man of the middle, who seems to have existed in all ages and who has begotten the men and women who, despite the ravages of the oligarchs and the lag of the blind mass, have created civilization. This man of the middle is represented today as merely an exploiting property-owner. The question is not often properly asked why this man desired to own property, usually in no mad or oligarchical measure, and whether the possession of property was not a necessary condition of his civilizatory function. If we reflect on the nature of that civilization which has known no essential change within historic time, we shall find, I think, that property was and still is the bourgeois's necessary means to the worthiest of ends. For his type, as is proved by the children he begot in all ages, is a type that developed certain sensibilities and certain needs. The Greek trader who feared for his cargoes of oil and silk out upon the Middle Sea and the French merchant who, even in his prosperity, still lets his wife supervise the daily takings, these two and an hundred analogous types in all ages and polities nursed the same dream—the dream of house and garden and servants, of peace and dignity as the result of business and involvement in material things; they dreamed of freer and more beautiful youths for their children and provided it for them; if they themselves did not rise to the concept of *disinterestedness* they

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made it possible for their posterity to do so. Those sensibilities that are a conquest over nature, those humaner modes of feeling that, in many sons of the bourgeoisie, have today become morbid and self-destructive, the manners and above all the tastes that have made culture possible—all these have been created by men and women in a middle station of life. And for the creation of all these things and for their support property is fundamentally necessary. Fine sensibilities are not nurtured in caravanserais nor good taste, which is akin to genius, in barracks nor will the humaner sentiments of man to man spring up amid the irritations or the furies of a crowd. Truth and beauty and humanity have never issued from undifferentiated mobs; they have never been discovered by committees. In a very primitive civilization in a sub-tropical climate a saint may withdraw into the desert and eat locusts and wild honey and find himself and his God. But the average dweller in an average civilization from Babylon to this day needs, in order that he or his children should function creatively, at least the minimum of property and of release from sordid cares and occupations which shall insure a reasonable dignity, privacy, and the resultant disinterestedness. A margin of disinterested leisure—not the exchange of folk-recreation for barrack discipline—is the essential condition of a humane civilization. Now it is property for the sake of such ends that the psycho-biological type known as bourgeois, the differentiated type, differentiated both from the lusters after power and from the dull mass, has always sought. It can no doubt be demonstrated that in order to attain his ends the bourgeois has always had to use a "surplus" profit earned by laborers in field or mill, on ships and in mines. And society might well propose to itself the task of seeking to remedy this evil. But the evil will not be remedied by destroying the creators and bearers of human civilization. A greater evil will be substituted for a less. And so wild a method would not have been proposed by any age except one romantically befuddled by the belief that all hurts and evils are wholly remediable and that man's extremest efforts will not leave things both in the world and in society that must, at least until the coming of a different race, be accepted as inevitable ultimates of nature and of human experience.

One of these ultimates, at all events, is that the achievements of civilization, including the theories by which it is now proposed to destroy it, are due to a definite psychological human type, precisely as the historical and present stratifications of society are due to the existence in mankind of certain fairly constant varieties. The type with the will to dominance and power expresses himself characteristically whether as conqueror, robber baron, financial magnate, or commissar. It is he who is to be curbed and checked, for it is he who desires the power of the state to be absolute; it is he who drives the blind mass into delusion and into war. And there is that blind mass itself which is not oppressed because the class of the fathers of Ezra and Plato and Pasteur and Ehrlich owned property. It is oppressed because it is dull and unseeing, stupid and superstitious and does not listen to Ezra and Plato and does not heed Pasteur and Ehrlich, but slavishly crowds the armies of the world, whether commanded by a king or an oligarch, by a Mussolini or a Stalin. It is that Cyclops so vigorously described by Walter Pitkin in *A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity*. It is unmemoried; it does not learn by experience; it rejoices when a proletarian-minded oligarch, the super-chauffeur of a base, machine-ridden age, declares history to be "bunk"; it will seem to accept here and there and especially in the Soviet Union the ideology of the Communists, because that ideology, rejecting the whole moral and spiritual civilization of mankind, liberates the mass from that pang of conscience which was its only hope but which in its stupidity and sloth it felt to be a burden. The true question that faces mankind is not: Shall we despair of civilization and fling ourselves into the chaos of the mass? The true question is: Can we slowly through centuries to come breed a better and less docile race? Less docile! For it will have escaped no rational observer that the chief mark of the communist, whether proletarian or weary intellectual, is his uncritical docility. He is as uncritical of the Marxian or supposedly Marxian doctrines as any Holy Roller or Seventh Day Adventist. The biologist can tell him nothing concerning the decisiveness of hereditary factors because the orthodox word of Pavlov has gone forth; anthropologists can tell him nothing concerning the established facts that all the early inventions and discoveries of mankind were by-products of magic and religion and that primitive man's activities can be accounted for ninety per cent by the play of psychological and spiritual factors. What do the anthropologists know? The word has gone forth from Moscow that man is an economic animal, pure and simple. The psychologists can tell him nothing concerning the ancestral ethical factors, the feelings of guilt and of fear, that so largely determine myth and legend and the psychical pattern of every human soul. The word has gone forth from Moscow that moral scruples and spiritual involvements and psychical conflicts are bourgeois morality, invented by the wicked exploiters of the capitalistic age to bedevil the poor. All this farrago of nonsense is swallowed avidly and whole. Can we not breed a more critical, a less docile and gullible race? Can we not breed a race that will seek to co-operate with its own salvation by accepting the leadership of free and benevolent minds, instead of exchanging white armies for red,

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hatred for another nation for hatred for another "class," the divine right of kings for the economic determinism of *all* values, saints' *ikons* for pictures of Marx and Lenin?

III

It is a reproach commonly addressed to the bourgeois intellectual that he is an "old-fashioned" liberal and individualist, who clings desperately to the ragged skirts of the nineteenth century. Now it is undoubtedly true that romantic individualism overshot its mark. Foolish people misunderstanding the correct fact that great personalities create the laws whereby they function, thought that they could live without any inner law and trick both nature and human nature. It is also true that the bourgeoisie, including its intellectuals, was deeply involved in that competitive industrialism which is so disastrously breaking down. And the recognition of these facts has shaken the self-confidence of the bourgeois. Yet this very shock to his confidence is but another symptom of the qualities of his type—the only type that approaches critical-mindedness and disinterestedness. It is the oligarch who, from whatever class recruited, learns nothing and goes on arming in the very shadow of the disarmament conferences forced upon him by enlightened bourgeois opinion. It is the proletarian who enlists in red army as quickly as in white. It is the bourgeois who admits error, searches himself, mans the international society of war resisters, enlarges the boundaries of human knowledge, and still not only does but should cling to liberalism, which is the human and philosophical mean between two pseudo-religious mass delusions, and to individualism, which is nothing but the recognition of the fact that all evil in human society springs from the misled herd which will stampede at the bidding of either king or commissar and that the critical-minded individual is the one hope of human civilization.

Hence it is clear that liberalism and individualism, like the bourgeois type itself, are no creation of any century or any age. The centuries gave these eternal tendencies special coloring; Protestantism gave them one coloring and the Romantic libertarian age gave them another. But they are, in fact, the permanent tendencies and ideal values of the sound minds of all enlightened ages. Peace, liberty, humanity belong to all ages and to none. They are no more old-fashioned than sunsets or cherry-blossoms. Nothing is easier, on the other hand, than to carry this particular war once more into the enemy's country. The nineteenth century had, for all its magnificent achievements, as we have seen, one stupid spot. In its pride of discovery and invention and of liberation from the grosser moral and religious superstitions, it became the prey of an analogy which it took for fact, but which was really its special superstition. This analogy consisted in likening the universe to a machine and man, who created the machine, himself to one. Hence by an anterior assumption everything human had to be mechanized. But since scientific research, set in motion, could not be stopped, it came to pass that all sciences had to drop this foolish analogy and are now and have long been—biology and physics, anthropology and psychology—in full flight from that temporary and untenable notion. Hence it is a cold fact that communist ideology—to be strictly differentiated from sane attempts at economic *peace, i.e.,* co-operation—is the most old-fashioned and discredited of existing ideologies. Liberalism and individualism belong to the ages; mechanistic determinism and the purely economic interpretation of history were finished as tenable doctrines at least forty years ago.

The bourgeois, the disinterested property-owning man of the ages, capable of disinterestedness not least because he owns property, must take heart even amid the delusions and catastrophes of this time. He has his permanent function to exercise, his permanent duty to perform. For he is, by virtue of his disinterestedness, not only the true conservative, he, that is, who seeks to conserve the eternal goods of mankind, but also the true protestant and revolutionary of the ages. A member of the Communist Youth movement asked an American on the streets of Moscow: "Is it really true that in capitalistic America one can freely buy the works of Marx and Lenin and Communist literature of all kinds and even propaganda?" The American assured him that it was indeed so. "No wonder," exclaimed the young man, "that bourgeois capitalism is doomed amid such waste of energy. There can be but one Truth." It is against that rigid barbarism and slavery, a slavery more hopeless than that of men chained to galleys or pent in mines, that the man of the middle station has always protested. For by virtue of his middle station he has always been nearer the centre of both nature and human nature. So, too, he has in practice if not always in theory held to the right uses and the right and permanent meaning of property. The oligarch has palaces which he rarely visits and sends agents out to buy paintings to hang in halls as alien to himself as to others. This *depersonalization* is the sin involved in the holding of property. Property is sacred and necessary, however, in so far as it is the symbol of character, taste, personality, the outer embodiment of an inner vision. Such has been by and large the bourgeois attitude to property, to house and garden and field, to book and table and picture. Amid these symbols of himself and of his fathers—for inherited property of this kind is even more important

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than that personally acquired—he has rightly desired to bring up his children in order that memory, which is the mother of history, of a humane life and of all humane studies, may not cease, nor that decent pride in clan and family and honorable lineage which has its strictly biological function in that it tends to prevent the mating with the shiftless, the tainted, and the vulgar. In propertyless and undifferentiated swarms and caravanserais there is, among other dangers, this grave one: that the strains of intelligent and memoried and disinterested people will be contaminated and finally bred out. It is a serious question and no mere controversial point whether a rigidly communistic society existing over a sufficient length of time would not have to import its experts, teachers, physicians, technicians, for in a spiritually classless society the blind cyclopean millions, to borrow Mr. Pitkin's imaginative terminology, would soon have absorbed Odysseus and his men. The spiritual and preservative uses of the institution of private property, limited if necessary and curbed to below the predatory level, have not been sufficiently thought upon, especially in America. Household gods, in the old phrase, do indeed partake of the divine in the life of man. But there can be no household gods without a household, nor a household without a house. The memoried house is necessary for privacy, dignity, disinterestedness and disinterestedness is necessary for the preservation of human freedom. Not necessarily the freedom to vote. Parliamentarism may go the way of other technics. But freedom toward personality, research, thought, the ultimate human freedom which is essential to progress in the only true meaning of that abused word, the freedom of mind that will keep a man from plunging into the menacing mass-barbarisms of either the right or the left.

The bourgeois wrongs both himself and society as a whole, by any abandonment of his central position or by admitting for a moment that he is the product of an age of industrialism and capitalism. He is the eternal religious property-holding freeman of the ages. In his hands is the civilization which begins with Isaiah and Plato, a civilization which the machine has not essentially changed. He and his work and his spirit are more necessary than ever. For he is the only man left in view who has preserved that human dignity that will not punch an alien master's time-clock, either of the spirit or of the body, be that master called king or oligarch or commissar of the people. He is the only man left who would rather flee with his kindred and family to waste lands and wring a scanty living from a narrow and infertile plot of earth in spiritual freedom and disinterestedness, as he probably did at the beginning of those other Dark Ages of history, than to consent to a despair that would destroy human civilization. On these qualities and on this function of his he may take his stand.

CHALLENGE TO POETS

By William Rose Benét

Pour song against the cloud
Whose bosom bears
Lightning for every heart that dares a song;
Let the air jubilant ring
Echoing, echoing,
Though song be not for long!

From east, from west,
Gather all you whose nest
Is the encindering sun;
Cry, crystal voices, cry
Through an illumined sky,
Till song be done!

In your perennial spring
O shine—and sing
All that you know of light;
Loose your high dreams
Furrowing rocket streams,
Flowering on night!

Now, in a lowering hour,
For all on earth who cower
Asking if love be long
Or life or death be best—
With lightning at your breast,
Pour song!

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In a Spanish Dungeon

By Max Eastman

An adventure with Spanish justice. Even after a run-in with the political police, Mr. Eastman came away with vivid and pleasant memories of the new Spain.

THE colors of the earth in Spain are richer, and the greetings of the people warmer, than anywhere else in Europe. I suppose people are always more friendly hearted, and more vividly alive, after they have had a revolution and are still excited with the sense of something new. Moreover the art of life requires leisure; it requires a slow tempo; and that slow tempo is to be found only in the "backward" countries. In Russia, in Spain, in Mexico—wherever a "backward" country is leaping forward—you will find life at once genial and exciting. The fact is that we were all much nicer in the Dark Ages than we are now because we had time to be. So when you fall in love with the Russian soul or the Spanish temperament or the Mexican love of beauty, you must realize that you are adhering, not to a people, but to a stage in the evolution of our ways of doing business.

I put all this down in the effort to be wise, but when I get through saying it, I go back to my thought that the people in Spain, like the earth, seem to have vivider and warmer colors than elsewhere. They seem to know better how to behave.

It is customary for historians to speak of Spain as having degenerated since the days of the Invincible Armada. But suppose that one people *should* get hold of the true values of life in greater numbers than any other, how else would it be described by the glory-folk who control our conceptions of history but as a process of degeneration? There is a dignity, almost a gravity, about these people, vivacious as they are and so ready to burst out laughing, that seems just as far away as you could go from decadence or degeneration. It suggests, on the contrary, a superior and long-established equilibrium. I found it easy to believe my friend who described how during the revolution the leaders of a "mob" came up to him and said with deference: "Would you mind parking your car on the other side of the street as we are about to destroy this monastery?"

We started on our trip through Spain from Paris, driving a high-powered car—for that is how they describe a Ford in the French market—and we crossed the border in the evening. It was like coming out of a cave into the light. The streets of every French village are deserted as though stricken with the plague, and all the houses locked tight, so that no ray of light escapes through a crack, by about seven-thirty or eight in the evening—a dismal state of affairs associated with the saddest moments of childhood, and attributable rather to the fear of spending money, I suspect, than to a distracted love for the home circle. In Spain, life doesn't begin until some time after eight o'clock in the evening. It doesn't begin until the work is done—that is the general assumption upon which affairs are conducted—and it lasts until morning. And so as we waved our hands to the hospitable vigilantes on the border and plunged into this backward country we felt as though we were attending a series of village fairs or birthday celebrations. . . .

This is not a travelogue, but a horrible story about how I fell in love with Spain and how she requited my love by plunging me into a dungeon keep. Therefore I will not take you with me over the proud wide heights of the Pyrenees in my high-powered car, sublimely exhilarating though that experience is, nor down the far mountain roads—far from everything but the sun and a vast rush of air through the sky—to Barcelona, "the flower of the beautiful cities of this world," as Cervantes described it. I must, however, give you some glimpse of the itinerary of my romance—the music, at least, of the names of its dreaming-places. Tarragona, Tortosa, Castellon-de-la-Plana, Valencia, Murcia, Cartagena, Granada, Motril, Malaga, Tarifa, Cádiz, Sevilla, Córdova, Toledo, Madrid—surely this song with its overtones from old and thrilling history will convey some hint of the rapture, for there is no other word to describe it, with which we drank up the perception of this land of perpetual surprises. At every crest of a hill of Spain you are in a new country, on a new planet. Here you were riding through the painted desert of Arizona with wan waterless majestic barren buttes and dunes of sand stretching away to an infinite horizon; but suddenly that infinity is gone and you are

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in a cozy valley full of green vegetables; you have not nestled down into this valley when you find yourself on the steppes of south Russia east of the Kuban, or in the ambling grasslands of Texas or Nebraska. They too were infinite, but nevertheless they are gone in an hour, and you are now in a valley of the moon, a region without atmosphere peopled with high spires of rock in the similitude of austere virgin early hero-gods and set round with snowy peaks. Stretch your soul up to the height of this spectacle if you can—but never mind if you cannot. A turn round the mountain, a slope of the road, and the country is one which could be seriously inhabited only by paper-dolls, so tiny and self-conscious are the little round-topped polka-dotted hills, and the hot plowed land is so carefully striped and patterned like a lady's batik shawl. The earth itself in Spain is as many-colored as the flowers of other countries. . . .

However, there is no end if I give way to this kind of writing, for I am still in love. I must hasten toward my prison-cell.

Madrid is a city with a soul—a city whose inhabitants pour down million-footed to its pavements every night for two or three hours, and walk back and forth and talk and chatter and smile and exchange greetings and tease and make mischievous comments audibly as they pass, until they achieve or create, as do the atoms dancing in the brain, a collective being which may properly be called a soul. I fell so deeply in love with Madrid that, to my misfortune, I lingered there several weeks doing nothing whatever that I can now remember except walking in those genial streets where is generated and emerges, as magically as mind out of nature's evolution, the vivid and bewitching soul of that city.

And this, you may imagine, was not easy to explain to the political police.

So far I had been travelling through Spain as a poet—giving myself over, that is, to what is individual about her and different from everything else in the world. But I carry round with me a burden which I will describe as a scientific conscience, although some think it is less than that—at any rate, something which demands I should not forget those aspects of a thing which are capable of entering a generalization and are therefore of importance to a practical mind. Spain is not only—I kept telling myself—a colorful particular spot on the earth where people know how to feel and behave better than they do elsewhere. It is also a capitalist society in process of upheaval, an example of that struggle of economic classes which is working itself out with instructive monotony throughout the known world. It behooves me to learn something of Spain as a member of this generalization—especially since I have advertised a lecture, and lecturers have to pretend to have spent all their time studying the factories and milk stations and compensation laws and trade reports of the countries where they have been having a good time.

Casting about for some way to get in contact with Spain as an example of the universal transformation, I lit upon a small extremely vermillion-covered magazine for sale on the newstands and called *Communismo*. I bought it and read a few pages of thoughtful editorials couched in a prose so limpid that I could understand every word without a dictionary. I went home and wrote a letter to the editor of *Communismo,* García Lavid by name, telling him that I was loitering in Madrid and would like to have a talk with him if he knew French. The next morning a handsome man with shiny brown eyes appeared at our door, and said that while Lavid would find it embarrassing to come to my hotel he would be glad to meet me in a café in the evening after dinner—that is to say, in the small hours of the morning—and talk any language I preferred so long as I liked. Lavid is one of those people whom I describe as revolutionary saints. They are about the only saints in the world at the present time who are not made of colored glass. If Lavid had been made out of colored glass he would not have minded presenting himself at my hotel, for the place was full of tourists who were paying to be led around gaping at that kind of saint. But being a man of flesh and blood who actually lives in worn-out clothes and eats the bread of the peasants in order to consecrate himself to the better-being of the world, he did not want to come there. We met in a café.

Lavid was as charming as he was intelligent. And he too, with his well-chiselled and almost too luminous features that reminded me of Alfred De Musset, was good to behold. In fact—to return for a moment to my character as poet—I will make this one black mark against Spain, that the men are far better-looking than the women, which is like a cloak worn inside out.

Lavid told me that Andreas Nin, an agitator celebrated from the pre-war days, was coming down from Barcelona, and also other delegates to his branch of the communist movement (technically known as the Left Opposition) from everywhere in Spain. They would be gathering informally on Saturday evening, and would not we come over and join the conversation? We came, of course, and had a most illuminating talk, most soothing, also, to my scientific conscience. At a very early hour in the evening, however—that is, about one o'clock in the morning—we took our departure, saying a final farewell as we expected to leave for Paris the next day. As we emerged into the street an alert citizen stepped up from the shadow, very respectfully but with a significant hand under the lapel of his coat—an international gesture which I fortunately had not forgotten, for the badge was a mere glimmer in the dim light—and invited us to accompany him. We accepted the

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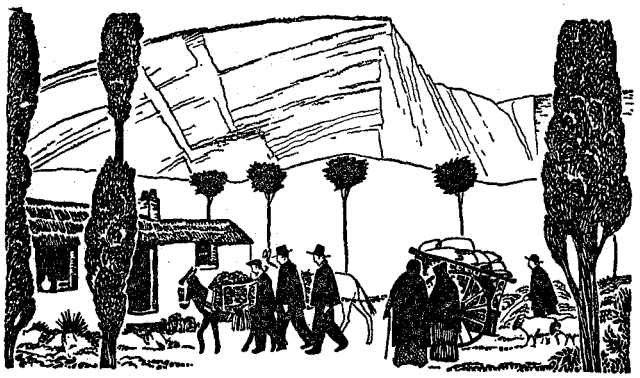


invitation with the usual mixture of reluctance and alacrity, and soon found ourselves in the local police station, trying to explain to a slow-witted but persistent old professor of genealogy how our mothers spelled their maiden names.

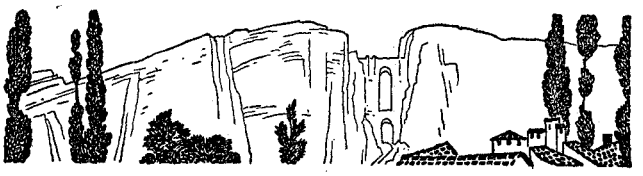
It was no time to bother with the traditions of the Lucy Stone League, but I have a determination to call my wife by her own name which has settled into a habit, and as I happened to be doing the stammering at the moment, the name, Krylenko, and the birthplace, Russia, were on the bill-of-lading before I had time for reflection. Krylenko is a name to conjure with in a magistrate's court in the Soviet Union—Nikolai of that name being the famous Procuror or prosecuting attorney general—but in a country whose infant government is tottering away from the outstretched arms of the communists on one side and wriggling out of the embraces of the monarchists on the other, it produces something like a convulsion.

"Russia! Oh, aha, Krylenko!"

We were loaded into the police wagon and rushed across town to the Prefecture, and upstairs to a department designated—hopefully rather than with scientific precision—"Seguridad Social." Here a more quick-witted magistrate, and one who by the grace of God could talk French, undertook to find out what we were doing in Spain, and more particularly what we were doing in the heart of the proletarian section of the capital in the office of an extremely vermillion-covered and thoughtful and limpidly intelligible revolutionary magazine called *Communismo*.

I have explained it to the reader, and it seems simple enough. All you have to do is understand the nature of poetry and the peculiar relation it bears to a scientific generalization. But we found it exceedingly difficult to make this entirely clear in a foreign language at two o'clock in the morning to the chief of the department of Social Security in the turbulent capital of a somewhat trembly republic. He decided to send an officer and search our room in the hotel for incriminating evidence. Meanwhile we were put out on two kitchen chairs in a side room to wait.

When the evidence arrived—at about four o'clock in



the morning—it consisted very largely of poetry. Fortunately I do not belong to the cryptographic school of poets who write in a secret code for a close conspiratorial group of intimate friends and initiated critics. If I had been e. e. cummings I would never have got out of there alive. My poetry is both rhymed and reasonable. It says something. What it says, moreover, has not up to the present date overthrown any republics. However, that revolutionary saint, Garcia Lavid, had been kind enough to present me with a complete file of his vermillion-covered magazine, which seemed to stand up some three meters high there on the chief's table, and looked very much like concentrated provender to be ladled out to the hungering proletariat as we passed through the provincial cities in our high-powered car. I failed to explain where I was going with these magazines. It seemed improbable to those who had heard me try to talk Spanish that I was intending to lug them home. Moreover this man had got an idea that Comrade Krylenko had been there three months in advance, and that I had only come along with my innocuous poetry after the work was about done. It shows what's in a name. We never did disabuse him of this idea. He found no incriminating evidence, however—for that magazine was quite legal, being on sale, as we pointed out to him, on the newsstands. And so he fell back on our passports. There is always something the matter with a passport, if reason arises for finding it.

"Why haven't you got a visa on these passports?" he said.

"We have. They're in perfect order."

"No, you haven't. Where is your visa?"

"Right here—page twelve."

"I'm talking about your visa for the province of Madrid." He said that shamefacedly, he couldn't look me in the eyes.

"What on earth do you mean by that?"

"Don't you know that on entering any province in Spain you have to go to the local police and get your passport visaed within twenty-four hours?"

"No, I don't, and neither does anybody else travelling in Spain. There wouldn't be a tourist in the country if they did."

He made no answer.

"Would you mind letting me read that law?" I said.

He looked about feebly. "Well, I haven't it here at the moment."

"I'd like to read it before I'm convicted under it. I'm an American citizen and I suppose I have some rights."

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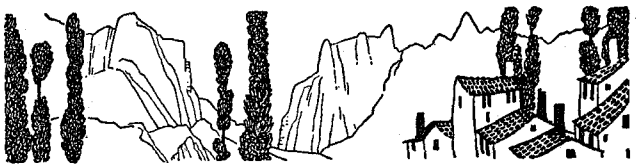

This "American citizen" set me off on a wrong tack. I did not really believe that Hoover would send over a fleet of battleships to pull me out of a Spanish hoosegow in spite of the classic forms of my poetry. I merely wanted to work up some "positive self-feeling," and I did.

"Your law, if it exists, which I doubt, has nothing to do with the cause of our detention," I said.

That was true and he did not like to deny it, so he retreated gently into the Spanish language—so gently that when we found ourselves back on our chairs in the next room, it was with an impression that we were about to be released.

We were disillusioned by another official who beckoned and started leading us down into the bowels of the earth. Down, down—and so far down that it was quite obvious we were headed for the dungeon keep. But when we asked him with signs of indignation, he said "to another office." We crossed a small court, open to the sky way up like an Egyptian tomb ready for the mummy, and peering down a long thin stairway saw bars at the bottom. Here we rebelled and bolted back like sheep in the stock-yards. "No!" we said, "Not in the least! We are not going to jail without telephoning our consul." We were so positive about this, and we so eloquently invoked—and in such alarming distortions of grammar—the principles of international law and the comity of nations that our guide took fright and went back upstairs to find out what he should do. He went back twice. But meanwhile the court began to fill with heavy-bodied policemen and it was clear what the answer was to be.

I must say for those heavy-bodied policemen that they manhandled us with a dexterity and self-control that seemed almost paternal, and once the bars closed they became as courteous as though we were the royal family. It is not easy to search a man and deprive him of his weapons with courtesy—especially when the weapons consist of his necktie, belt, garters, safety-pins, whatever he was most confidently relying on to hold him together until evening. However, I can honestly affirm that I was never more graciously disarmed, and I was ushered into my cell like the prince of the underworld. Comrade Krylenko was taken away to another vault and as graciously turned in with the prostitutes.

There were about twenty criminals in the dim cold cell in which I found myself, most of them lying flat with their feet toward me on a wide raised floor of cement, which was all the cell contained, and which

was the cell, except for a little trough to walk in past the bars. I felt very much like an intruder, and could find no words to explain my unexpected arrival. As I stood there in the trough holding my clothes on with some difficulty, my embarrassment became evident and one of the criminals said:

"There's plenty of room. Come on, lie down and sleep. Where were you arrested?"

I described the location.

"Are you a Trotskyist or a Stalinist?"

Wondering whether the whole Spanish underworld is up to the fine points of Marxian theory, I answered that I was Trotsky's American translator.

"Never mind, we're all friends in here! Lie down and make yourself at home. We're Stalinists."

I then learned that a general round-up of some two hundred and forty revolutionists of all colors had been effected that night in preparation for the visit of Herriot, the French premier—it was after all a mere gesture of hospitality—and I felt better in that large company. The morning was enlivened with some animated political discussion, and the Stalin party law against "fraternizing" with friends of Trotsky was heartily broken.

At ten o'clock I again demanded of a passing official that I be permitted to telephone my consul. The answer was short and ominous.

"Here you can't communicate with anybody."

To me that meant that if I had been arrested for any ordinary crime, like high treason, for instance, and were in a regular prison cell, I might have some rights—but not in this lowest pit. "Here you can't communicate with anybody."

Such was my state of mind. What he really meant, I suppose, was that this was merely a preliminary detention, and as soon as they got round to my name I would be examined and either liberated or sent to a regular prison where such things could be bothered with. But he did not say that, and I should probably not have understood him if he had. "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!" was what I understood.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon before that gloomy thought lifted, and I will not dwell upon it

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because it now seems naïve. At four we were called out of our cells simultaneously, and led back upstairs to be sentenced. We were fined 500 pesetas each, or about eighty dollars in all, for not having secured a visa for the province of Madrid! And we were told we could stay in jail until we paid it.

We again demanded the right to telephone our consul, which was again refused, and upon that we said that we would stay in jail until they let us communicate with our consul. Comrade Krylenko further explained that we had only about eighty dollars to get back to Paris on, and that if we paid their fine we should have to stay right there in Spain forever. She further inquired whether they would take a check on a New York bank—a proposal which seemed to me ludicrous in the extreme, but which so impressed our interlocutor that he put us back in jail until he could consult his chief. This time, moreover, he put me into a cell with arrested monarchists, that "check on a New York bank" having apparently raised my social station.

At seven in the evening we were again called up and informed that the fine would stand against us, asked in fact to sign a receipt for the information, but that we were granted ten days in which to pay it and could now "march."

We "marched" with a pleasure that is truly poignant and unique, no matter how many times you have heard about it. And we were welcomed back to our hotel—where those detectives had made their midnight incursion—with an eager and joyfully laughing hospitable enthusiasm in which law and government seemed to become one of the most amusing of all the preposterous things with which, to a civilized mind, this earth is so obviously encumbered.

The next morning we called on that American Consul, who had taken on the proportions of a Protecting Deity in the dark hours of our adventure, and found him surprisingly anthropomorphic—indeed positively human. He advised us to continue our journey to Paris as though nothing had happened—hoping, although we could not of course be sure, that no hindrance would be interposed to our crossing the border. Meanwhile he would make efforts to explain to the Spanish government the difference between science and poetry, and get the fine forgotten. He is still making those efforts, and I—loving Spain as I do, and owing her money, and the times so hard for us both, and no certainty in my mind that she will ever be able to understand, and a feeling too that she did violate my *pundonor* and owes me at least eighty dollars worth of apology under her own laws of hospitality—I am writing this with trouble in my heart.

What rankles most—I suppose I must confess it—is that she did *not* interpose any objection to my crossing the border. On the contrary, a delighted smile illumined her youthful and as always engaging features. "O yes, you're the American author they telephoned about from Madrid! Adios, Señor, y buen viaje!"

FISHING IN SUMMER

By Norman Macleod

We went fishing in summertime with our legs
Thigh deep in rubber. Along the rapid streams
We waded through the shallows (while minnows
Scurried out of sight) and snaked our flies,
Brilliant with color in sunlight, over bushes
And water like brambles leaping over rocks
And boulders until they settled into the whirl-
Pools: the fish bit on anything that looked
Like food and we returned to the camps
With our baskets ladened with catch (the
Squirming silver): we slivered their bellies
With knives and knuckled their scarlet
And emerald guts from the spine until their bodies
Were pared to flesh and the mouths gaped
With their eyes bulging. With bacon and soot
From brindled fires we tasted the flavor
And then reclined against the trunks of trees
As the coals of the fire were dying, smoking
Our pipes and gazing at stars as the night
Enclosed the valleys with darkness.

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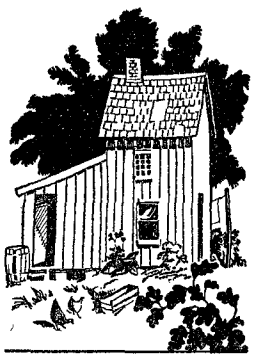
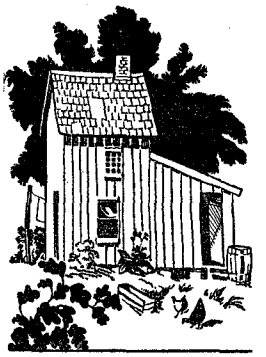
LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES



Pans to Tote

By Miriam Pope Cimino



The Negro hears of equality in the North but is taken care of in the South—and during the depression food has been more acceptable than theory.

It would seem that those who would suffer most during the depression are likely to be the country's largest group of poor people, the Negroes of the Southeast. On the contrary, though dependent on white families who feel the pinch of poverty themselves, they are faring better than their kin who were snatched from the cotton fields by Northern employment agents.

As so many of these unfortunate ones, ill-fitted for Northern life during the best of times, are asking the relief societies for transportation south, it sets me to wondering if, after all, the things which Southerners actually give them do not make a decent showing against the North's chances at big wages and unfilled promises of equality. Right now, when these Negroes in the Northern cities are desperately in need of help, they are being discriminated against, among all the races there, in any jobs to be had. The Southerners do not theorize about giving the Negro "a chance." They do things for him instead!

It is difficult for people who have not lived in this section to understand the peculiar and interesting relationship existing between the Negroes and the whites. I mean that large class of Negroes who still live in a primitive, shiftless way, getting their sustenance from that large class of small-town and country whites, who have little money to spend but feel the need of colored help. I realize that certain white citizens of the overseer class in the Southeast exploit the Negroes shamefully, whenever they get a chance. But for every white cheater of this type there are a hundred or more white citizens there who lean the other way in their dealings with the Negroes and give more than they receive.

There is a lot of give and take, live and let live, going on in this situation, therefore the situation is not an unhappy one as a whole, not nearly so dreadful as some critics would have us believe. It would take more than having a lot of money to put this relationship between the whites and Negroes on a different basis. The change could come only after the Negroes had shed their most ingrown characteristics. And a change from the relationship, a hangover from slavery days, and intricately woven, would be as difficult to achieve as a complete change from the white farmer's everlasting cotton crop, the source of so much trouble there. Some of the whites still cling to the atmosphere of the past, and are content with few changes, but the majority of them, just as they would prefer having enough capital to make a complete change from cotton, would prefer a more orderly business arrangement with their colored help. As a result of this rather easy, sliding relationship, the whites in this depression are not clinging to the outward mechanics of a bookkeeping system the human meaning of which has gone. In the North the accompaniments of uncontrolled competition—reduced working forces, lowered wages, insecurity, charity—are maintained as necessary even when the virtues of laissez-faire have vanished.

The Negroes have long leaned on this stronger and more successful race that has been close by, ready to repair the damages of their lack of foresight. And the whites have not become too disturbed by this lackadaisical, day-at-a-time living of the Negroes. It has worked out beneficially for these whites who own the land where food may be produced cheaply, who have little money to give for wages, and who know that a hungry Negro will exchange work for food. They realize that these Negroes must be helped daily, since they live with no concern for yesterdays or tomorrows. If the Negroes had to do all their own managing on a given sum of money with the understanding that however unwisely or quickly they spent it, there would be no more available until the next pay day, and then only money paid them for service rendered, they would continue to spend what "cash money" they had in their pockets for something wanted for today alone. No regrets or lessons learned from yesterday. No dismay about tomorrow. Cash money to them means something for today! And their childish instincts and lack of judgment can make them select some things that in the eyes of their white employers seem ridiculous and useless. But the choice lies with them.

However much their employers may wonder about this day-at-a-time trait, its origin and its prevalence, they know that it is to be coped with as it exists, that, however much they could manage to pay them, there would be the same tales of woe. "No wood to keep de chilluns warm!" "Can't wash de clothes dis week widout no fiahwood!" "Sis Mannie can't cook dis week, cause she got de misery!" "Ma says to send her some sugah 'n cawfy, 'n please send her yo' sassidge grinder till tomorrow!" "Somebody got Jeems drunk 'n stole his money!" "Prince ain't got his buryin' sassiety dues!" "Pleassah write a note to de sto' fo' some medicine!" "Is yo' got

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a lil side-meat to spar dis mawnin', Miss Lizzie?" "Pleassah, foam up de doctah, de baby's in a fit!" "Come quick, Mr. B., Tawm is gone and got hissef in jail, pleassah git his fine dar quick, he's crops gittin' ruint!"

The southern Negro servants always go home at night. They prefer this liberty however comfortable the servant's room in a white family's house may be. Better a narrow strip of family-shared bed, or quilt pallet on the floor of their own home, than a room of their own at the white family's home. So they go home at the end of the day, and associate with their own kind, in their own way. Some of the cooks go home for a few hours in the afternoon and return to cook supper. Most of them have plenty of children at home waiting for Ma's pan. And plenty of husbands who might use more energy in providing food themselves, wait for this inevitable pan, the symbol of plenty for today. These cooks prefer small wages and a pan to tote, to higher wages without the pan. Whatever is left from a meal at the white family's house is theirs by divine right, and you may be sure the cooks plan to make the meal a big one. This pan of cooked food is often supplemented by fillings-in from the pantry.

Besides these material extras, the average white employer adds a measure of tolerant understanding and sympathy, and is not too inquisitive about their private lives. Suppose we look at a few typical illustrations of Negroes who receive small wages, with other considerations.

Lulu, who cooks for the Barrons in a small middle Georgia town, came storming into her kitchen, just as Mr. Barron, who had been down town to bail her out, joined his family at breakfast. According to her loud and emphatic explanation which kept floating in from the kitchen, all she had done the night before was to kiss her cousin, while on the Flying Jenny! But it never occurred to the Barrons to be nosy about the circumstances connected with Lulu's kiss.

She had fifty cents taken rrom her two dollars a week wages, until her five dollar fine was paid. However, she managed about as well as usual, with one-fifty instead of two dollars to spend down town Saturday night, "nigger's night" (their own expression). With her cabin furnished her, and wood, "lamp ile," food, and clothes, with other essential things, her "Sadday night money," like that of most of her kind, went for luxuries such as sardines, bananas, goobers, and such, or perhaps a payment on some "new" clothes at the Jew-sto'! Lulu is typical of a Negro working for small wages, who really enjoys her life.

Flora, who has stayed with the R. family for fifteen years, has had her weekly salary cut from four to two dollars, but is as happy-hearted as ever. She says, "De heels o' mah two-dollah shoes talk so loud on de sidewalk Sadday night, de niggers has to stop, look, and lissen!" Her wit and merriment are enjoyed constantly by the R. family. During the Florida boom, she drew out her savings which the R.s had helped her to save, and took her three young children to Florida, "to git some o' dat Yankee money!" She returned a year later, with a poor opinion of working "fo de rich Yankees cause dey wuks yo' too fast, 'n eats de warmed ovah vittles belongin' to yo' chillun!" But she was driving her own Ford, which she has driven ever since. She was overjoyed to get back with her same folks, who stand for her doctor's bills, medicines, and emergencies. When sweet potatoes are gathered, she and her children gather on shares, so that last year she had nine bushels of potatoes bedded down. She has access to the R.s' large vegetable garden, a steady supply of fresh milk, a more limited supply of butter, as well as peanuts, sugar cane, and pecans for the gathering. Then she has a "patch" of her own furnished her, along with the fertilizer and plowing. Mrs. R. says that as soon as any garment of hers seems laid aside, Flora claims it, and often the clothes look better on Flora than on herself! Flora is very nearly her own boss, has time off to earn money at odd jobs, and is entitled to misery spells at her own convenience. Considerably more than two dollars a week when you stop to think about it!

Let's have a real, close-up view of the depression managing of Red and Easter. We follow a shining path of bright red clay over Paradise Hill, the Negro section of town. On the other side of the thickly settled hill, where the houses have thinned out to countryside again, their gray, unpainted house rises on stilt-like rock piles from a sizable yard of red clay. No grass about. A large water-oak shades the house, and close by a pine-clad hillside slopes down to the yard. Several of Easter's children are having a hilarious time here, sliding down the pinestraw on barrel staves. In front of the house, a patch of "collard greens" is edged with violets. The other side of the bright-red yard ends abruptly at a deep ravine where smilax and jasmine are tangled, but Easter and her children have inhaled the jasmine fragrance too long to notice it.

Red gets fifty cents instead of a dollar a day now, for working on the Deans' small farm, and Easter takes all week to do the Deans' big washing for which she gets two dollars, with "soap 'n starch." On Sundays she goes to the Deans to cook a big mid-day dinner as the Deans are faithful church-goers and often bring dinner guests home on Sunday. Shug, the oldest child, gets seventy-five cents a week for playing with the Dean children in the afternoon.

Usually Easter is as happy as the day is long, but today is one of her off days. This morning she had an encounter with the driver of one of those laundry wagons that aggravate her so, on the roads around there. She hates these sleek youths who dart in and out of the white folks' homes with bundles of laundry. Crude as her methods are, she can walk circles around their work, and knows it. The Deans know it too, and have no intention of changing.

Easter, tall, splendidly formed, and dark brown in color, cheerfully invites us to "take chars," but I know she is troubled.

"Ah kin beat 'um to a who laid de rail, an' it's de truf too!" she begins. "Yes, Lawd! Dey makes out dey's Gawd-Jesus fine wid dey wuk!" *Thump! Thump!* The ironing board trembles! "Please Glory, Miss Mattie wouldn't let Mr. Jawn be caught in a hawg pen wid one o' dem shuts on! Dey thows evahthing in a great big machine full o' paddles and it whups all de strength out de clothes! Mr. Jawn got too much sense to let any machine whup de tails off *his* shuts, please Glory! Estoria, yo' whiten up de fiahplace 'n do it nice, Ah been aimin' to git at it all day! Dey tells me dey ions wid machines too! No wondah de men's shut collahs look lak fried chiddlins!" She places the cooling iron against the fire, and before taking up a hot iron,

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crams her mouth with wickedly black snuff from the mantel shelf. Though the heavens fall about her, Easter would manage to keep snuff.

While Estoria covers the huge stone fireplace with white mud, a gray, fishy-smelling liquid that turns white as the heat dries it, and Easter splutters on about dem dawgone londry mens, we take in the interior of the cabin. Easter is proud of her two-room house. They live in this room, of course, and the other room is where the seven children sleep. Pa's and Ma's brass bed, gleaming in the fire-light, bears a proud standing feather mattress rising in a high, smooth mound. It is covered with a creamy homespun sheet, but Easter, had she known we were coming, would have put on the "countypin." Her big, flat baskets with the Deans' clothes are shoved under this bed at night. Two enlarged pictures, framing in gilt the pale, unreal likenesses of Red and Easter, hang on the wall. Most of the other newspapered wall-space is hung with picture calendars in bright colors, representing many years of calendar begging. A sewing machine, which Miss Mattie Dean let her pay for very slowly indeed, is wedged between two nondescript pieces of furniture. The pink china hanging lamp, with crystal drips, is the envy of every colored person crossing the threshold. The small iron cook-stove, near the hearth, is seldom used, as Easter prefers the fireplace. The top holds various household treasures, a cut-glass spittoon, fancy sofa pillow, Red's accordion, the children's school books, peacock feather fan, and goldfish in a small globe. The mantel shelf is draped with newspapers cut into openwork patterns of diamonds and moons, the front edge elaborately scalloped. The pleasing smell of hickory-wood smoke is thick in our nostrils.

Easter admits that Red is a good enough man. Unless his jug of shine under the bed needs refilling, his weekly wages are swallowed by her large apron pocket and she doles out his "Sadday evenin' spendin' money." What he does not spend then, she spends herself, for whatever takes her fancy.

She steps to the window and shouts, "Purline, yo' fetch de ress o' Mistah Jawn's shuts from de pomegrinny bush, and does yo' want yo' hide busted, yo' draps 'um in de dut! Git!" Purline gits! Through the window we can see John Dean's shirts whiter than white, quivering on the topmost twigs of the big pomegranate bush. Purline has to stand on a box to reach them.

Purline, bright-eyed and alert, seems the most promising of the flock. She seems glad to obey Easter's next command, "Git yo' readin' book, 'n read to de white folks, 'n read it nice!" We agree that she reads it nice, and note the appreciation of four other children drawn in by this treat.

"Didn't you lose a child this year, Easter?"

"Sho did! Mah baby got tuk wid a fit, from eatin' too much dut. De po' lil ting had as fine a buryin' as evah ah see, dough. Miss Mattie sho had 'um put away nice!"

I know what "Miss Mattie" Dean did. With her husband away, and practically no money available, she put one over on the village undertaker by nailing together a well-made little coffin of smooth boards, covered it with white wall-paper, lined it with white silk, made the burial dress for the infant, and a ribbon-trimmed floral offering for the top. A bit more than she is usually called on to do for this care-free family. And though her heart ached as she worked—she had tried in vain to make Easter believe that all babies do not have to eat a little dirt—it was all in the general run of things for "Miss Mattie." Her contributions to the poor are never listed in the papers as so much from Mrs. John Dean, and, like the free-will offerings of many thousands of her kind, can never be statistically assorted, because they represent an individual helping an individual in countless cases.

"Why don't you try to get a job over at the M. Laundry, Easter? I hear they pay well, and you've had laundry experience."

"Ah don't need no white man bossin' around whar Ah's tryin' to wash! Outside is de place to wash, 'n not in a house. White things has to have air biled into 'um. An' whar kin yo' spit snuff in dat place? No'am! Ah does mah washin' rat heah in mah own yawd!"

The extras going with Red's pay are the same as before the depression. This house is furnished him, and a sizable piece of land back of it to raise extra produce on if he desires to bestir himself that much. He has the land, seeds, fertilizer, and the time. Red happens to be ambitious enough to raise a hog or so each year, and to use his land for alternate crops of cane and sweet potatoes which bring him in a little extra money, but most of his class of hired men will not do a lick more work than is necessary to bring in food. When the Red Cross flour was distributed in south Georgia, a number of such hired men could not be hired until the flour was all gone. Red has a cow and her feed furnished him for half a year, and has the use of a mule and wagon to go out to the wood lot and help himself to wood. As Easter does not tote a pan except on Sundays, she resembles a pack mule, Sunday afternoon. But Shug, after playing with the Dean children part of the afternoon, always brings home a pan. This represents her supper. A peep into the generously filled pans would make one wonder about the capacity of Shug's stomach! Mrs. Dean keeps her in decent clothing, and sends all garments too small for her own children to Easter's smaller children.

Easter's school-age children walk to the colored school nearby. They have few toys but keep themselves amused. They know nothing of movies, and little of ice-cream cones. But they have sweet-gum from the sweet-gum trees—many people prefer it to commercial gum, sugar cane, ripe peaches and figs, melons, and many other treats from the fields and woods. They get a "big Christmas" every year from the Deans, and about that time comes the thrill of hog-killing time, with an abundance of fresh meat, and disputes over who will eat the pig tail this year, and who will claim the bladder to blow up for a football. For their between-meal hunger besides the fresh fruits there are always "surrup jugs," made by poking a finger into the side of a fat biscuit and filling the hole with cane syrup. And plenty at meal time, even if it is sometimes only pot-licker and corn pone. Now that the scientists have discovered something which the Negro mammies knew all along, that this makes a good food for children, it isn't such bad fare—the concentrated essence of green leafy vegetables, with bacon fat and well-baked corn pone. So Easter and Red carry on in their own way. Who can say that a chance at higher wages in an-

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other environment would be better for them? Their money wage might be higher, but their social wage would certainly be lower, and their security nonexistent.

Lon represents another type of colored help, the cropper. He is given a house to live in, the land to work, with fertilizer, stock and feed, and from three to four dollars advance monthly, during present times. He does the work for half the cotton made. This year cotton "made" very poorly, only two bales to the mule, and Lon's is a one-mule farm. He had one bale which brought him only thirty dollars and the other one went to his landlord. As most of his thirty dollars was eaten by advance running money, one wonders how he and his family of five can live. They are existing mostly on products which the landlord started him raising. Pigs, chickens, sweet potatoes, collards, cane syrup, and black-eyed peas. By trading some of these he manages a few clothes and extra groceries, but most of his extras come from the advance on next year's crop. His landlord recently sent him a hundred pounds of fine big pecans as the wholesale firm's offer was too ridiculous to accept. (A northern producer would have allowed his crop to rot in storage before he would have given it away.) Lon is using most of these to swap for other necessities. He does not always come out so badly. This was an exceptionally bad year with his cotton crop. Some of his neighbors who preferred being lizards in the sun to raising pigs and peas are fed now by white families and organizations.

And here's a poor girl getting only a dollar and a half a week! Bessie is eighteen, and recently married. Her husband's occupation is sitting around a colored taxicab place, where he picks up odd jobs and rests until he can own a flivver of his own. Bessie's dollar and a half can't go very far toward making his dream come true, but her job seems to run them well enough. She brings home so much food that she has had to adopt a child to use the surplus, until she can do her duty by her race. After the noon dinner, she totes home a meal for her husband, wrapped in a deep pan on her head, another big pan in one arm, and from her other hand swings a white china slop jar, trimmed with pink roses (belonging to a bedroom wash-stand set). She is heavily laden again when she returns after cooking supper. I do not know how long her wedding clothes and the furnishings of her cabin will seem sufficient for her, but I can imagine where additions to these will come from. At the present, she is not worrying about the cost of living. Miss Lizzie saw that her wedding was a grand affair, made the veil and bouquet herself, and had the cakes baked in her kitchen. Bessie's friends said that "her silk clothes sho did rustle grand!"

Bessie's home is a new one-roomed cabin. When she has produced enough of her inevitable family there will be a shed room added for the overflow. Most of her furniture is packing boxes, which Bessie has brought home on her head. A small box for the water bucket and gourd, a large box for cooking things, another box for the table. A new white iron bed with pink crinkled bedspread, and, most prized of all, a mahogany-finish wash-stand, with a set of brightly flowered china to match. No wonder she paraded one of the pieces back and forth with her for toting provisions! After all, this gorgeous set is not for bathing purposes. Two new huck towels, with red and blue borders respectively, remain neatly folded on the pitcher, and a pink cake of soap reposes decoratively in the soap dish, but these things are for admiration only. A small tin wash pan, and meal-sack towels on the wash-bench outside the door are for use. Her adopted son goes to her job with her every day.

Beulah, who makes the best soda-biscuits in a certain Georgia county, can be very choosy about jobs. She has never stayed long with one family and usually comes down with the misery after working several months in one kitchen. Then she chooses another kitchen. She has worked for her present employers longer than at any other place, because Mr. Rob bailed her out of trouble, and she feels duty-bound to stick there awhile. Mr. Rob, being thoroughly appreciative of her biscuits which he had encountered in various kinsmen's dining rooms, was only too glad to pay her fine for assault and battery. She was a conspicuous church shouter, and when asked why she wanted to quarrel with that woman, explained, "Ah didn't say nothin' much! Ah jess stepped in front o' her and ast her had she rather leave town or see her Jesus now!" It seems that the beaten woman, Katie, sat by Beulah during a revival service and Beulah awakened from a doze to see that the revivalist had made a proposition which she had not heard. "Whut did he say?" Beulah whispered. "He say, evahbody who knows deys gwine to Hebben when dey die to come down and shake hands wid him." Beulah did her stuff down the aisle, and found that she was being prayed over as the blackest of lost sheep! She understood after the service that the proposition had contained the word Hell rather than Heaven, and she just bided her time until she met Katie! Some one told Mr. Rob that Beulah toted home as many as thirty of her delectable biscuits in one daily pan, but Mr. Rob says he reckons she's got a reason, that she ain't just taking them home to look at, and folks needn't think they can make him fire a cook like Beulah because of any such tattling.

Aunt Netta, who has outlived her time, is too proud to take food from her "folks" unless she can exchange work for it. So the family, to whom she attached herself long ago, still has her come every Saturday morning to clean lamp chimneys. For some time their farm house has been lighted with electricity, but the lamp chimneys are deliberately soiled enough to provide the same job for this proud old soul. She receives a weekly basket of provisions and other comforts, for this "service."

Uncle Henery belongs to that vast army of old colored men who go from house to house asking, "Does yo' want any wood cut?" A new, or penny-pinching, resident might hesitate to employ such a decrepit-looking old man, even at his price of fifteen cents an hour. But the regular customers of Uncle Henery would not dream of refusing his services as long as he can lift an ax and ask for work. The fact that his frequent rest spells, with coffee and gossip handed him through the kitchen window, consume a lot of his time, and that a two-hour job means an hour chopping and an hour eating a meal, is understood. He never fails to arrive around a meal hour. And, after all, the rhythmical song fragments which he chants, terminating each line with a deep grunt as his ax hits the wood, are well worth hearing. There are plenty of us who readily agree with him that "cash money ain't everything!"

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in world affairs today

Bye, Bye, Blue Laws

By William C. White

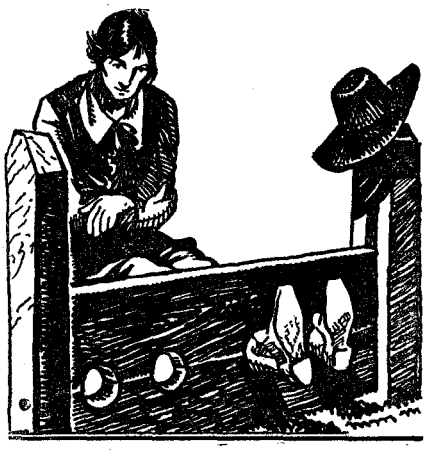
Laws to control "morals" have always been a part of the American tradition ever since the first legislation for the observance of "Lord's Day" were drawn up in the New Haven Colony in 1656; they were printed in England on blue paper—hence the "Blue Laws."

In addition to the Sabbath laws, which every State in the Union, except California and the District of Columbia, has had, there are examples of other legislation to control and arrange personal conduct in every Federal, State, and local law book. There are prohibitions of prize fighting, of interstate transportation of fight films, of race-track betting; there is the censorship of literature by postal and customs authorities; there are restrictions on alcoholic beverages and on cigarette smoking; there is a New York law forbidding duelling and "racing near a court house"; and there are laws at beach resorts specifying what color bathing suits shall be.

In most countries these things are left to the individual, on the assumption that the population is sufficiently adult to decide matters of personal conduct for itself. But in America, and almost since its beginning, the supposition of the reformers has been different: that the American people must be kept moral by law.

The trouble has been that the customs of the American people have changed with the passing decades but not the laws. They have stayed on the books, more or less unenforced and more and more unenforceable. And the situation has contributed to the supposed adolescence of the American people a positive hypocrisy in their attitude toward legislation.

Almost unnoticed the law is now catching up with the fact. Within the



past few months more than a dozen States have abolished or changed in some way those statutes which have regulated the observance of the Sabbath. There have been changes made in legislation to control other fields of individual conduct. Where no changes have been made in the laws themselves, the courts have interpreted those laws more broadly.

Most clearly to the point is the recent decision in a New York City magistrate's court in the attempt of John S. Sumner of the Society for the Suppression of Vice to ban Erskine Caldwell's book, "God's Little Acre" as immoral. The magistrate's decision said, among other things, that the intent of the author must be considered—was he trying to write an immoral book and to profit by pornography? The opinion of critics and of reputable individuals in the publishing business must be taken into account. And finally, it was recognized that the individual reader is able to decide for himself what is moral and what he wishes brought into his home; and can establish the most stringent of all censorships—by not buying such books.

Here, in assuming that the American public is sufficiently adult to be its own guide to literature, is the same attitude which many legislatures have shown toward the question of Sunday observance. They have realized, for various reasons, a truth about the American people which was best summed up recently by a New Jersey Grand Jury: "This body fully discussed and considered conditions which obtain in this country with reference to non-observance of Sabbath law. We do not believe this condition is due to any desire on the part of our people to violate the law, but rather to a change in conditions and customs in many of our communities which make the present law governing the mode of life on the Sabbath more or less obsolete."

Of all the many personal-conduct laws, the Sabbath laws have been carried to the greatest extreme. Conditions under which they were first written have changed and constant exceptions have had to be made, to permit railroads, newspapers, food stores, and, finally, amusements, to operate on Sunday. Most of the Sunday laws forbade all labor and work "except that of necessity and charity or mercy." The Kansas law forbids all labor on Sunday except that of ferry men. The Connecticut law, valid until 1928, forbade Sunday concerts unless the music played was symphonic or classical. The Mississippi law today forbids "amusements on Sunday including . . . cock-fighting . . . but private diversion is permitted." The Alabama law forbids amusements and lists among them domino playing. There was until this year a law in New Jersey against "wandering in the open on Sunday and failing to give a good account of oneself."

Most of these legal curiosities have been simply nullified in part by general non-acceptance. In spite of the law mentioned above, moving pictures operate

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today in more than a hundred Kansas towns on Sundays. And it was a long time prior to 1928, when the law was repealed, that any man had been arrested in Connecticut for kissing his wife on the Sabbath.

The first breaches in these Sabbath laws were made by changes in economic life. The right to run railroad trains on Sunday had to be established in some States by law. Other States defined Sunday newspapers as necessities. The introduction of the automobile led to other changes; the Sabbath law in Alabama today reads, "Labor is forbidden except that of necessity. This law shall not apply to railroads or to steamboats. Nothing herein shall prevent the sale of gasoline or of motor oils."

The breaches made by changes in our amusements or cultural preferences came later and were more vigorously opposed. There were no Sunday moving pictures nor legalized Sunday baseball in the United States until after 1919. But there was an ever-growing desire for them, coupled with a rapidly growing interest in Sunday golf, tennis, driving, and other sports.

New York State was the first to break away, modifying its Sabbath legislation in 1919. Connecticut and Rhode Island followed and Massachusetts after them, in 1928. Repeal of some of the laws spread through the West, until nineteen States permitted Sunday moving pictures, with or without local option, and twenty-one States permitted Sunday baseball. But many States fought off all attempts to change these laws; curiously enough, during the period of prosperity, when golf courses rose over night and there was the hope of having two cars in every garage and both on the road on Sundays, most of the attempts to make changes were defeated. What matter if the laws were on the books? Didn't the American people thereby show that they believed in Sunday? Wasn't that sufficient?

This year has seen the two bulwarks of the Sunday laws fall: Pennsylvania and New Jersey have substituted local-option provisions. Wisconsin, following a referendum in 1932, wiped the Sabbath law from the books. The Georgia legislature is acting on a bill to legalize Sunday baseball and movies in Atlanta. A bill permitting moving pictures has been recommended by the Kansas legislature. The Delaware legislature is considering a similar bill. Missouri has legalized Sunday hunting. Maine has passed a bill permitting amateur sports on the Sabbath.

In some cases the movement has met with setbacks. The fight in New Mexico was bitter. A bill forbidding all Sunday amusements was proposed. A senator immediately introduced a bill making attendance at Sunday amusements compulsory, saying that his bill was as logical as the other. The annual attempt to put a bill through the New York legislature to legalize legitimate theatrical Sunday performances failed as usual; Actor's Equity is continually opposed to it, declaring that the actors need a rest.

The immediate motive power behind these changes has been the result of the depression on tax income. Legislatures have seen, or it has been pointed out to them, the increased amounts of taxes that can be raised from Sunday amusements. They have hastened to legalize them, sometimes passing bills with a proviso that a percentage of all receipts be given to funds for the unemployed. At the same time the Democratic landslide last November brought in new officials who owed nothing to the "church crowd." These legislators on whom church lobbies could rely are gone.

But something deeper than financial motives has led to these changes. The depression, perhaps, has brought about fact-facing. Other "personal conduct" laws are undergoing a change. Nebraska has approved a bill to repeal the law forbidding cigarette smoking in restaurants and has blocked a bill to forbid movies which show women smoking. The progress of the movement to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment is in the same spirit.

Sunday, before the War, in the Pennsylvania city in which I was raised, was a dull day. Chiefly through the vigilance of the Ministerial Association the Blue Laws of 1794 were rigidly enforced except against small shopkeepers and against amateur baseball teams. The shades in many store windows on the main street were lowered. The Jewish shops, selling haberdashery and cheap dresses had no shades. Some ministers made remarks about "These foreigners who are trying to bring in the Continental Sabbath" and taught their children not to yield to the temptation of looking in store windows on the Lord's Day.

Shortly after the war a minor-league baseball team came to town. During the first year its owners gave a season ticket to each minister. The town's clergy could be found almost every afternoon in grandstand seats. At the beginning of the second year the club owners planned to play baseball on Sundays. Their agents asked the ministers, not about Sunday ball, but whether they liked the team. They did. Season tickets were distributed. Shortly thereafter, Sunday baseball began, with never a protest from the Ministerial Association. Without that protest the civil authorities made no attempt to enforce the law; the cops had free tickets, too, and they could go on Sundays as well. But the pressure of the Ministerial Association squelched every attempt which the cinema owners made to open up on Sunday, and the Blue Laws, in this case, were enforced.

The Protestant clergy of America have been the official defender of the "personal conduct" laws. They have been accused at times of having a "business" interest in the Sabbath laws. So long as the majority of people were actively interested in church going, the enforcement of these laws was simple although concessions had to be made continually to changes in economic life. The clergymen defenders have not fought the changes of this sort as much as they have battled against measures designed to permit amusements and sports on Sundays. "America needs no more amusements," one pastor said to me. "She needs morals!" "The Christian Sabbath is one of the civil institutions of the State," a New York court decision declared. Yet the civil authorities usually fail to punish minor infractions of the law until their attention is directed to them by the clergy.

The argument against the "open" Sunday as advanced by the clergy is usually on religious and moral grounds. They quote the Fourth Commandment. The most curious arguments for a strict Sabbath are those offered in support of a bill to institute a Sunday law in the District of Columbia: "The men who make and execute our laws breathe this Sabbath-desecrating atmosphere and it cannot but influence their official conduct. The representatives of all the governments of the world—of India, China,

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Japan—of all the nations to whom the church sends missionaries to convert the people to Christianity, come to Washington and live there. They witness this disregard for this fundamental institution of Christianity, and take it as a reflection of the nation's attitude toward it, and thus Washington's Sabbath desecration militates against Christianity in far distant lands."

Not all faiths are united on the question of Sunday observance. The Catholic attitude is well known. The Jewish people, with Saturday as their Sabbath, have lamented the Sunday laws. There are those Protestant clergymen who say "The laws of God cannot be annulled by the enactments of man. Every divine law is intended to work for man's good." But there are those Protestant clergymen, as the president of the Lord's Day Alliance reported at the last annual meeting, who say, "We are interested in your work for the Sabbath but just now we cannot admit to our pulpit an 'outside cause.'"

There are those ministers who approve of a compromise ordinance as it has been passed in many communities, permitting amusements after two p.m. Such an ordinance was voted for in Baltimore last year by a vote of 112,000 to 29,000. On the first Sunday on which it was in effect attendance at churches, according to newspaper reports, was larger than it had been for years.

Those religious organizations which fight all attempts to "liberalize" the Sabbath, such as the interdenominational Lord's Day Alliance, the Sabbath Day Observance Committee of the Presbyterian Church, and other groups, are much on the defensive. Some of their members look on the movement for reform of Sunday laws as part of the *Zeitgeist* of the day. Most of them feel, however, that all attempts to wipe out Sunday legislations are the actions of organized groups "indifferent to the great spiritual ends of the day," working for financial profit. "The Commercialized Amusement interests are the most outstanding foe of the Christian Sabbath in America," one pamphlet says. The chief specific objective of these pro-Sabbath groups is against the introduction of moving pictures and of theatres on Sunday.

The depression has seriously crippled the income which these organizations once enjoyed. They have needed money for propaganda and to organize lobbies in various legislatures; they have often been willing to play with the most corrupt political machines, as with the Vare machine in Philadelphia, to prevent any liberalization of Sabbath laws. These organizations still send speakers around the country to preach for the defense of the Sabbath, the speakers usually demanding and getting an honorarium for their Sunday labor. But they find less response among the churchgoers. No longer do congregations sing,

> "We'll not give up the Sabbath
> To science, art, or news,
> Nor wonder where the sights and sounds
> Of earth-borne joys amuse."

A complete study of the change in popular attitude toward the Sunday laws should include a discussion of the loss of power which the churches themselves have suffered. They set themselves over too wide an offensive, attempting to regulate things which the individual, today, decides for himself and which he sees no wrong or punishment in so doing. Clergymen declare: "Neglect the Sabbath and it will lower the tone of public morals. The results of this are not a crime wave. They are the crumbling of the foundations." In spite of which, popular feeling moves to a liberalized Sunday and away from the attitude of the Scotchman, whom Stevenson described, sitting outside his house on Sunday, "honoring Sabbath with a sacred vacancy in mind."

With the disappearance of the Blue Laws comes a very real danger that must be recognized. Whatever one may think of the moral implications of these laws they have been valuable in setting the custom of six days' work per week and one day of rest. It was the Lord's Day Alliance, in all fairness to that organization which now boasts Bishop Cannon as an official, that was responsible for changing the custom of seven days' work per week for letter-carriers with very few days off. With the repeal of the Blue Laws the rule of seven days' work per week is being felt painfully by restaurant and club employees, employees in places of amusement, and too often wherever the employer can bear down.

The state of California has never had a Sunday law; but there is one law on its books, "Every person employed in any occupation of labor shall be entitled to one day's rest therefrom in seven." A similar law should be enacted in every State which repeals the Blue Laws. Just because the Law is at last catching up with the Fact, thanks to the Depression, is no reason for permitting unscrupulous employers to profit from the death of the Blue Laws.

I have used the Sabbath laws as the most vivid illustration of the present tendency to modify personal-conduct legislation and to let the individual decide on his social behavior for himself. It may be due, in large part, to the depression. Regardless of cause, in the field of morals by legislation the American people are Growing Up or, depending on viewpoint, Going To The Devil.

The Mad Scramble for Bargains

By Melville C. Coleman

With Mrs. Roosevelt advocating the proposed Quality Label program and Mrs. Pinchot parading with Allentown mill strikers, feeling concerning the starvation wages currently paid factory-, loft-, and home-workers in the garment, textile, and allied trades is every day growing more intense.

Yet, contrary to general opinion, it is not the manufacturer or contractor who is primarily to blame for these wretched conditions. Nor can it be blamed on the buying public, who in these times is compelled to get the greatest value for every dollar spent. On the contrary, the real instigators are the competition-crazed big-city department stores who by their destructive underselling policies drive the price of goods to new low levels, until they drop to the cost of the raw materials alone with an infinitesimal margin for labor. In their hands manufacturers and contractors are all but helpless.

Cost of materials, light, heat, power

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and rent being fixed charges, the only place left for the manufacturer to effect a saving is in labor. In spite of every effort on the part of unions, this is easily accomplished due to the prevailing scarcity of work and because of lax labor laws which, in many cases, are so ambiguous or contain so many loopholes as practically to nullify the provisions intended to protect workers. Nor, with the exception of a few isolated cases, has the recent rise in raw commodity prices, induced by prospective inflation, been greeted by a corresponding increase in wages. Labor is still paying the bill for the country's bargains.

Let us examine the high-pressure buying methods of the big-city stores which have brought about this state of affairs. The great majority of these stores operate on what can best be termed the "promotion system." Every one who reads the daily newspapers, whether he realizes it or not, is familiar with the operation of this "promotion system." You have read blaring advertisements of the leading department store in your community featuring, one week, 10,000 pairs of curtains at unprecedented prices; the following week 6000 ties are offered in a record-making sale; the next —3000 hats.

To provide merchandise for such promotions, the stores reverse the usual procedure. Instead of receiving the representatives of the manufacturer, the stores go to him, give him their specifications and tell him how much they will pay. This price, it need hardly be said, is invariably one which will enable the stores to undersell the most recent offering of similar merchandise by their competitors. We can thus understand that with competition dictating the price, manufacturers' quoted price lists mean nothing to such stores. The department store which has long since dissuaded customers from haggling over prices and convinced them that the asking price is the selling price refuses to take a dose of its own medicine when on the purchasing side of the fence.

Few are the manufacturers with the courage to protest against this outrageous system. If they won't take the order, there is always some one else who will, passing his loss in the usual manner on to the help.

We have seen how the "promotion system" works to the detriment of the manufacturer. Now let us see how through him it affects labor. The following is an actual example recently related to me by the designer of a leading manufacturer of children's dresses.

A big-store buyer went to the owner of a certain factory and informed him that he would place an order for several thousand dresses, providing the price would enable him to undersell his competitors. The manufacturer, after the usual bickering, agreed to take the job. Letting no one know what he had done, he told his employees he had no work for them, and while they might come in if they wanted to, he could promise them nothing.

After letting them sit around for two or three days, earning absolutely nothing, he called them together and said he had received a special order which only permitted him to pay fifty cents a dozen for making dresses, as opposed to the regular union rate of three dollars for this type of dress, which is based on a living wage. He added that as they were making nothing at all now, they might as well be earning something, no matter how little. He for his part would contribute the light, heat and equipment. Any one who didn't want to work didn't have to; there was no compulsion about it. The workers as usual were taken in and concurred; the manufacturer fulfilled his contract; and the store put on another gigantic special purchase sale at unheard-of prices.

Large metropolitan stores can truthfully advertise $5 hats for $2.45. They are not exaggerating. The hats are worth it. The fact that workers whose tired fingers stitched them had not been paid a living wage doesn't enter into it. The creed of modern retailers is "price, price, price" to the exclusion of every other consideration. There is no sacrifice of health or humanity too great so they can achieve: Sensational Record Making Sales—No Profit Sales—Special Purchases Made Up at No Profit—Priced as Never Before—Below Cost, etc. And operate on such policies as: We Will Not Be Undersold—We Guarantee to Undersell, etc.

The selection of a few actual examples from current newspapers will illustrate the prevailing volume-at-any-cost policy in retailing. The following is all the more amazing when it is realized that every quotation included is from a big-city department store, and that all bargain and side-street stores which are customarily thought of as sole offenders in this direction have been entirely eliminated from the discussion.

Sale! $1.19. Sateen Spreads and Drapes at unprecedented prices. This isn't one of those things you just find; we laid down the law to a manufacturer and he made these up just as we wanted them. The materials alone would cost you more than the price of the finished spreads!

We have every reason to believe that fur prices are on the "up-trend." Therefore we went to our most important resources, picked out the cream of their pelts and had these coats made to our special order. The furriers were none too willing—they'd like to get higher prices—but we were firm.

We sold 2000 shirts in one day—naturally we're repeating the sale! 88¢ $1.39 to $1.95 grades. To the maker goes the credit. He assembled this unusual assortment of fabrics and styled this marvellous collection of shirts just to keep his plant working. Then let us have the whole lot at our own price!

A well-known Mill Closed out 10,000 Yards Brand New 1933 Spring Weaves and Colors. Regular $1.19 to $2.49 Grades. All Newest Fabrics. 67¢ a yard.

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2000 Suits! We break our own records and set a new low price for men's 2-trouser Wool Suits and Topcoats—$8.88.

Unprecedented Sale! Dresses for juniors, misses, women and larger sizes. Prints, silks, crepes. $1.95 to $2.59 values. $1.

Values! More than that. Super-values! But purchased at what a cost. The spread and fur ads need no comment, but let us analyze the 88¢ shirt offering. "Just to keep his plant working" is a favorite sales argument for this sort of promotion. We have had an opportunity to observe its mechanism in the case of the children's dresses previously mentioned. To provide bargains of this kind, hapless loft workers in New York are recorded as receiving 4¢ for hemming one dozen shirts. In Kentucky, shirt factories are reported to be paying as low as 35¢ a day, and in Connecticut wages as low as 2¢ a day and 65¢ a week are on record!

In connection with the 67¢ a yard mill close-out, this store cleverly shifts the blame for its underselling, price-dictating policy to the mill. However, no mention is made of North Carolina textile workers receiving $6 for a full week's work, or silk-mill weavers receiving 2½ cents a yard on a piece-work basis! The crafty buyers of the "promotion system" stores have perfected the trick of holding off their orders until the manufacturer becomes panic-stricken at the thought of being stuck with a large inventory and accepts the contract at the store's own price.

The $8.88 2-trouser suit special probably was accomplished by farming out to a sweatshop at $6 to $8 work for which ordinarily $35 to $40 a week was paid in a union shop.

I could go on giving examples. There was the highly skilled worker of my acquaintance who formerly made $45 a week fashioning lamp shades, but was recently offered $8 and glad to get it! A girl earning $1.80 for a full week's work made a rack-full of dresses that sold for $2.67 each. Workers receive 15¢ for making men's three-piece lounging pajamas. All these were engaged in making $5 values to sell for $2.50, so that some store could triumphantly undersell its competitor.

It is cheaper for such workers to stay home and live on municipal charity than it is for them to work, and many of those who do work have to depend on charity for the difference between what they earn and enough to live on. In other words, the much-maligned taxpayer has to make up the difference between bargain prices and those that will yield a living wage to labor.

The worst of it is that this condition will continue to exist until the offending stores forego their harmful underselling policies, which really benefit no one and only force the price of goods down so far that even though they sell thousands of these articles, they themselves make no profit.

"What can I do about it?" you ask. "I am only one patron of these stores." Well, we as consumers can help, even if only in a small way, by demanding that labels of responsible, nationally known manufacturers, unions, or of such movements as the Quality Label program are on the merchandise we purchase. This is at present our only assurance that the article was purchased by the store at a fair price, that the worker who made it was paid a fair wage, and that we are obtaining full value for the money.

But obviously such action will have little effect because it conflicts with that part of human nature which insists on buying at the lowest price. All the moral force in the world cannot stand up against that, particularly in these times when the purchasers themselves are the victims of low wages and must get the most they can from their purchases. It is a vicious circle which can only be broken by governmental action. The only solution is stringent minimum-wage laws enforced by the state and federal governments. President Roosevelt has already proposed the self-regulation of prices by industries, supported by government "partnership." A minimum-wage law for women and children has been passed in New York State and similar laws have either been passed or are pending in other states. The sooner mandatory wage and hour laws are passed, the better it will be for business itself. The earnings, or lack of earnings, of every worker have direct effect on business because of their relation to purchasing power. The few who are able to make a profit from starvation wages cannot be allowed to pull down the entire structure of industry because of their selfishness.

Those Fifteen-year-olds

By Marian Purcell

I was in the sub-deb section of a large department store.

"I want a dress for my fifteen-year-old daughter," I told the clerk. The clerk, a clever-faced woman in her thirties, looked interested.

"That calls for careful selection," she said alertly. "Is she sophisticated?"

"She wants to be," I admitted.

"They all want to be, at that age," the clerk said cheerfully, "and most of them are. Of course she'll want her dress as long as you will let her wear it, and with all the new touches. How about this one?"

She held up a charming frock, and I repressed a groan.

"That would be just the thing for her sister, who is twenty," I objected.

The clerk nodded.

"Then it will suit the younger girl to perfection," she assured me. "They all want to dress and act as if they were twenty!"

I recalled this episode a few evenings later when I attended the dancing class of a well-known and popular teacher. She greeted me with a harassed expression, and promptly poured forth her troubles.

"Look at those youngsters," she said, indicating forty or fifty youthful couples who were seated around the big room. "They're all at the impossible age—high-school youngsters—from fifteen to seventeen. They're too old to spank or put in the corner, and they're too young to reason with. They have notified me this season that they don't want to be taught anything. They just

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want to come here and dance. Your daughter was their spokesman."

"She would be," I admitted.

"If I don't give in to them I'll lose three quarters of the class," the teacher went on, "and times are hard enough without that. So I simply stand around and keep the music going and let them do exactly as they please. I'm merely a chaperon, and I wouldn't be even that if they could find any way to get rid of me! Isn't that terrible?"

It *is* rather startling, when one thinks it over, yet it's almost a point of rest for modern mothers compared with their other problems. For the revolt of the fifteen-year-olds is on, is wide-spread, and is assuming proportions that stagger even the most determined optimist. It is affecting school girls in every social stratum, but I am convinced that it begins in what we are pleased to call our "best circles."

Take, as a concrete example, my own child Ruth. She is fifteen and in her second year at a good prep school. She is to go through college if prayers on my part can force her to do so. I hold her up as the example in this exposition of the modern mother's problem merely because she is typical. She is much like all the other girls in her set, and her greatest aspiration is to be exactly like them. One of her grandfathers was a supreme court justice and the other was president of a New England college. She has had traditions handed down to her, perhaps too lavishly. She has had what we call "every advantage." She has charming manners when she chooses to exercise them, and she usually gives us the privilege of enjoying them all during the first few days of her vacations. Then when she settles in, as it were, they drop from her like a garment. Simultaneously she produces a rare collection of modern slang, fills the house with her young friends, and proceeds to develop what she calls her "line."

As every mother knows, every fifteen-year-old school girl of today has an individual line—*i.e.,* her conception of herself as she sees herself and as she wishes others to see her. Ruth's line is inscrutability. She desires to convey the sense that she has lived and loved and suffered, and that there are depths in her which can never be reached or understood by the shallow minds of her contemporaries. (It is well I am not signing my own name to this for Ruth would never forgive me if she read it.)

The line of her special chum Pansy is brilliance. Pansy thinks up "wise cracks" and delivers them as extemporaneous efforts when she thinks her audience is large enough to justify them. She is not by herself in that. All her friends—both in the big city where we spend our winters and in the town where we have our summer home—do the same thing. In fact they go so far as to write out repartee which they memorize before a party and shoot off, as it were, in the presence of the youths they wish to impress. If I can find on my desk Ruth's latest effort along this line, which I picked up from the floor of the library the other morning, I will include it later on in these frank confidences. She and her friend Pansy had put in an hour "working up wise cracks" as Pansy expressed it, and had then tossed away the result of their efforts as unworthy of the intellectual circle at the party they were to attend that evening. Subsequently Ruth approached me with what I inwardly characterized as her "little girl expression" —the look she used to wear at five and six when she was wheedling me into some concession I should not have made.

"Mumsey," she said, "make up some bright remark that will make folks laugh, and let me use it tonight as if it were my own. Will you?"

Did I lecture Ruth on the low ethical standard revealed by this request? A brief year ago I might have done so. Not now. I have learned to meet her on her own ground.

"My dear," I said cheerfully, "if I made up a bright remark for you it would be so very bright that you could never live up to it in any remark of your own. So you would never be able to speak again in your set. I needn't point out how embarrassing that would be for you."

Ruth is no fool. For a moment her brown eyes twinkled. Then the now familiar expression of inscrutability settled over her little face.

"Yeah?" she said languidly, and strolled away.

I had a pleasant reaction from the little incident. It was the first time in many months that Ruth had even tacitly made any request which admitted that my intelligence was in any way superior to her own. She conceded that up to the time she was seven. At that point she received what she evidently considered a severe jolt. During a visit to Paris I had my hair bobbed and permanently waved by no other than the great Marcel himself. With my hands upon my heart I insist that Marcel did a good job for me and that the result was becoming. But my daughter did not like it. A loud wail broke from her at the first view of it. We were in the little town where we spend our summers and she had just had her own hair bobbed by a local expert.

"Oh, Mumsey," she cried, "I've got a dandy barber. I wish I could take you to him!"

That was the first of Ruth's cumulative discoveries that her mother was not, as she had until then believed, perfect in all things and possessed of all knowledge. She has been educating me ever since. I learned later, in some detail, why she did not approve of my new bob. She did not think that bobs were appropriate for mothers. Pansy's mother had prematurely white hair, graciously waved and with a bun in the back. It was my child's ideal of the proper thing for old ladies, and I was a million miles away from it. For many days Ruth's little face clouded every time she looked at me.

She has now, however, reached the point where she is occasionally willing to talk things over with me, "as woman to woman" (her actual remark on one occasion) and even at times to explain. Thus, when I asked her, after the dancing teacher's outburst, why she and her young friends were not willing to learn the new dances, Ruth deigned to tell me.

"It isn't that we don't want to learn them," she elucidated. "We'll learn them, all right. But we want to teach each other. There is always some one among us that knows the steps of the new dance we want to learn, and she can show the rest. Then we don't have to stand out in rows as if we were babies. I wish we could get rid of Miss Blank altogether," she ended yearningly. "We all want to, but we don't know how."

"It would be rather difficult to get rid of her in her own class room," I said grimly. "But why on earth do you want to?"

Ruth looked inscrutable. Pansy,

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standing beside her, looked patient. It was Pansy who answered.

"I guess you know, Aunt Marian," she said. "You've travelled all over the world. I guess you know by this time what a perfectly terrible nuisance grown-ups are!"

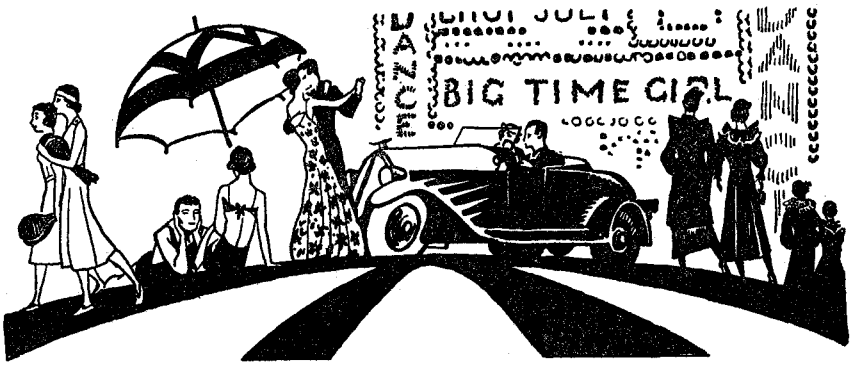
There, in a sentence, is the attitude of the fifteen-year-olds today. Their elders—almost any elders—are a perfectly terrible nuisance. At fifteen they want complete independence as passionately as their elder brothers and sisters want it, and they insist on it as fiercely. The presence of grown-ups "cramps their style." They want to be by themselves, and to do exactly as they please.

A few weeks ago we gave a little dance for Ruth and her friends. It was to begin at eight, last till eleven, in the studio on our grounds, and then the youngsters were to come into the house for supper. They were all supposed to be out of the house and on their way to their own homes by midnight. They were indeed out of the house soon after twelve, departing with flattering reluctance. But from twelve till two in the morning the telephone rang pretty steadily, while anxious mothers asked about their young. Most of the boy guests had cars they had borrowed from their parents or older brothers. They had started home with the girls and, we learned later, had set up a series of "necking parties" on country roads between our home and their own.

That brings us straight to the phase of this new independence which most agitates mothers. No mother wants to feel that her fifteen-year-old daughter is "necking" with some boy. My own prejudice against it is so strong that I never allow Ruth to go out alone with boys—even if they are lads we have known for years. She can entertain them in her own home as much as she wishes to. She can have them to luncheon and to dinner. She can have them for cards and dancing in the winter time and for tennis in the summer. But she cannot go off on joy rides with them, or to moving pictures with them; and as most of her girl friends are allowed to do both, Ruth is regarded with pity by them and is very, very sorry for herself.

"I wish," she exploded the other day, "you could remember that this is the twentieth century!"

My own temper, which is somewhat



sorely tried these days, also snapped its leash.

"And I wish," I exploded, "that I could understand why all you girls are so anxious to be alone with those pimply-faced young boys. I can't believe it's because you're going in for necking."

"It isn't, either," Ruth declared passionately. "It isn't anything of the kind. It's because we don't want to be treated like babies. How do you suppose I feel when Billy Mason asks me to go to the pictures and I have to tell him my mother won't let me? And every other girl can go, and I can't!"

I think that is the answer. Necking is these days the favorite topic of mothers of fifteen-year-olds. I am convinced myself, and so is the great majority of my friends, that there is very little harmful necking going on among boys and girls of prep-school age. But they do like to feel that they can neck if they want to, as they have every reason to believe that their older brothers and sisters do; and we, their elders, are terribly afraid they will form the habit. For just once in so often we hear of prep-school boys who carry pocket flasks and of prep-school girls who are fond of discussing what they call "the facts of life," and who revel in drugstore fiction. It is after some of these revelations, which may or may not be highly colored, that we tighten the reins on our young and renew our pathetic attempts to make them understand why we can't give them all the liberty they are demanding. They are at once so ignorant, so innocent, and so cocksure.

"I guess I can take care of myself," Ruth cries a dozen times a week. "Do you think I'd drink and neck and smoke if I went out with boys? I'm not Jenny Holbrook or Grace Murray."

But there are always the Jenny Holbrooks and Grace Murrays in every set who do neck and smoke and drink, and who jeer at the girls who don't. And there is always that quality of imitativeness in our fifteen-year-olds which is their greatest danger.

They imitate one another to an extent that is appalling. Ruth, whose diction has always been excellent, is this year talking through her nose because her chum Pansy talks through hers. Betty, another chum, is using carbolic soap and smelling like a hospital ward, because her chum has to use carbolic soap for a slight foot infection. Ruth and Pansy dress as nearly like twins as they can, and their despair is terrible when Pansy's mother and I draw the line at buying them identical hats and dresses and coats. Every time they go out together the jaunt is preceded by a long discussion over the telephone, which runs something like this:

"What are you going to wear? Yep. I've got a brown one. Yep. I'll wear it. Yeah, I'll wear my brown hat, too. The orange chain. O. K., I've got one. And brown stockings and pumps? Watch me. What? Oh, he did, did he? Well, I've got my eye on that baby, too. Lay off. Let me have him a week, and I'll roll him over to you. Goo' bye. Don't forget to add to the population!"

I once asked Ruth what she meant by the last verbal gem. She could only tell me that Betty originated it and that it was the favorite slogan of her circle. She was deeply pained when I asked her to drop it.

While I'm on the subject I may as well admit that during vacations Ruth spends most of her time at the telephone. In our summer village, as in many others, no doubt, telephone charges are by the month, not by the call. One pays a fixed amount and talks all day long if one wishes to. Ruth wishes to. So do all her friends. At almost every meal she is called from the table several times to enter upon an ex-

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haustive tête-a-tête with some boy or girl. The talk with the boy usually runs like this:

"Yeah? Is that so? Says you. Uh-huh. You'd be surprised. Yep. Nope. Oh, he did, did he? Well, if I ever hear him say that it will be just too bad. Sure, I'll tie a can to him. Yep. Nope. Toodle-oo!"

Somewhere in this confidence I promised a copy of Ruth's and Pansy's rejected list of repartee for the party. The initials indicate which girl was to be the deliverer of the line.

R. These intellectual people.
P. Are they that, or something else?

R. Do you inhale?
P. No, I'd rather talk.

R. Would you rather dance on the floor or on my feet?
P. Guess I'll take the feet. I like lots of space.

And so it goes. When two girls are in the presence of several boys these bright lines snap all over the place, as Betty puts it.

At this point I must explain that every fifteen-year-old girl I know now has a "boy friend," and that her first duty toward him—a duty willingly accepted by every girl and tolerated by every boy—is to "treat him rough." Ruth's rudeness to some of her boy friends was unbelievable till I discovered and stopped it. To Billy Mason, a lad she has known since they were in their cradles, I heard her say the other day, after he had poured forth a torrent of words over the telephone, "Oh, what did you say, Billy? I didn't hear it. I was reading the newspaper!"

Rebuked later for this rudeness she said:

"But Mumsey, he expects it. All the girls treat the boys like that! If you saw the way Betty and Pansy treat Jack Ralston and Bert Vance . . . Naturally we don't want the boys to think we *like* them," she ended simply.

Betty's line with her boy friends is a drooping languor.

"You simply slay me," she murmurs at intervals, or a little later on one hears her say, "How simply devastating," or "How disillusioning!" She is very popular and appears to get through a social evening very comfortably with those three simple aids. But woe to any friend of hers who uses her slogans.

"That's my line. Cut it out," I heard her sharply advise Penelope one night. And Penelope, whose line with any of her boy friends is to "treat 'em rougher than any one else," returned unquestioningly to that gentle pastime.

In closing I may as well take up the "murder" game. This game is still, as it has been for several seasons, the favorite diversion of our adolescents, but now it has new points. Beginning a few seasons back as a parlor game in which only the rooms and furniture of the first and second floors of a house were more or less wrecked, it has now become a pastime which takes in all the neighbors and ranges the entire country side. Theoretically, a murder is committed. Star detectives, ordinary sleuths, amateur investigators and human bloodhounds take part in the search for the murderer. Clues are dropped here and there, leading to this or that player. Youngsters of fourteen or fifteen, thought by their parents to be asleep in their innocence, rise from their beds after midnight to scour the country. If you hear a window in your sleeping room being furtively opened at two or three in the morning, it is not necessarily a marauder or a ghost. It may be merely the fifteen-year-old daughter or son of your dearest friend, visiting your home to follow up or leave a clue in the game your young neighbors are playing.

You rise and hurry to your daughter's room. She is not there. She, too, is raising some window across the lawns, or prowling around a neighbor's house making her investigations.

Even the tots of our village are affected by the general atmosphere around them. Going into the summer house yesterday to retrieve a forgotten book, I saw Bobby, a six-year-old neighbor, deep in conversation with Barbara, my five-year-old. Their heads were close together. Bobby's expression was firm and set, his manner purposeful. Barbara oozed feminine sympathy and a passionate desire to assist him.

"We're playing murder," Bobby announced darkly as I appeared, and before I could comment on this information he added grimly, "We're thinking up the best way to murder my aunt Caroline!"

I retreated hastily. Bobby's aunt Caroline is the most unpopular aunt in the village, and there are those who might have applauded Bobby's enterprise; but Barbara seemed to be offering all the sympathetic understanding the occasion called for.

What's the remedy for all this?

At first thought there doesn't seem to be any, but of course there is—a partial one at least. An immense amount of all this smashing of standards among our young folks is due to the tolerance with which their elders accept it. True, those elders fuss and fume and pour out their troubles to one another. But they let the condition continue, for two reasons. The first is an indolence which shirks the strenuous job of correcting it. The second is the really contemptible one of vanity. They desire to seem and to be "modern parents." They are afraid they will not seem "modern" to their children and their contemporaries if they interfere in a social landslide which is sweeping the young off their feet.

In almost every home in America almost every school girl in that home is saying to her mother, "But all my friends come and go as they like. *Their* mothers let them!" And the poor mother whose ear-drums are assailed by this cry knows that, by assuming the ungrateful rôle of one who knows better than her friends and neighbors, she not only risks losing their respect but she risks losing her daughter's affection.

Just that risk is run by the mother or guardian who today attempts to control and direct the young. Those young sincerely believe themselves to be martyrs. From their viewpoint they are cut off, by their elders' narrowness of outlook, from the diversions and companionship of their friends. But the conscientious elders must be the martyrs—and who is looking for martyrdom nowadays?

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AS I LIKE IT – *William Lyon Phelps*

EXACTLY fifty years ago, at the graduating exercises of the Hartford Public High School, having been elected Class Orator, I delivered a speech which began as follows:

> The country is now in a state of unexampled prosperity. The revenues greatly exceed the expenses, the national debt is being rapidly decreased, the treasury is overflowing. We are at peace with every nation in the world; our interior affairs, our manufactures and internal commerce have grown and are growing with a rapidity which the history of no other nation affords.

I have been "going to school" for sixty-three consecutive years. I attended a small private school in New Haven at the age of three, I entered the public school at five, and every September since I was three has found me as either pupil or teacher connected with an "institution of learning." It will seem queer this autumn; but I shall be too busy to give my idleness the consideration it deserves.

The third and final volume of the "Journal of Arnold Bennett" is even more interesting than its predecessors; and it is gratifying to observe that a cheaper edition of all three in one volume is now available. We learn here the truth about that appalling biography of him produced by his wife, where every page must have made him wince. His pleasure at receiving the prize for "Riceyman Steps" from the distinguished scholar Professor Grierson was heightened by the fact that it was the first time he had ever received a prize for anything. This novel is the only one in his enormous production that deserves to stand with "The Old Wives' Tale." It is a far better book than the Clayhanger trilogy. Of his merely entertaining novels, I like most "The Card" and "Mr. Prohack." As he reread the MS. of the latter, he constantly burst out laughing and I don't wonder. His conversations with George Moore are particularly interesting, even though the Irishman ridiculed three contemporaries who in my judgment were men of genius. When Bennett visited the three churches in the Piazza del Popolo in Rome, I wonder if he knew that Guido had been executed in that square? I don't believe he often read Browning. There is a characteristic anecdote of Shaw, who said that when he was a child he greatly enjoyed attending a meeting-house for deaf mutes, where he made as much noise as possible, singing, etc., because nobody could hear him. Addressing deaf mutes, going to winter resorts in the summer, wearing golf clothes but never playing, living in England and praising Russia! Bennett was impressed by Otto Kahn. "Stuffed with brains. Highly intelligent. Phrases his talk very well. I at once decided to sail with him. . . . You can see he is efficient in everything." There are also interesting accounts of meetings in England with Sinclair Lewis.

Within a few years the world of letters has lost Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett, George Moore, John Galsworthy—where are their successors?

An admirable book is "At John Murray's, Records of a Literary Circle, 1843–1892," by George Paston. There are many anecdotes of Lockhart, Disraeli, Scott, Byron, Moore, and others of a later period; and it is interesting to see that the great House of Murray would rather at any time lose money than publish a book which they thought might have a bad influence. It is terrible to think how much time Dickens and Thackeray wasted as editors of magazines. "Dickens read through nine hundred contributions to *Household Words,* of which eleven were available after being entirely rewritten." The greatest creative novelist in English literature thus spent his time and energy. Lockhart had a towering admiration for Charlotte Brontë, "but she is rather a brazen minx." The quiet English humor of the author of this book is repeatedly evident. Kinglake offered to write an article on Louis Philippe, but Lockhart asked him to deal with *The Wrongs of Women*—a curious subject to propose to a young bachelor. In the end, Kinglake produced a paper on *Life in the Harem*—perhaps much the same subject under a different name.

A highly important book is "Letters of Robert Browning." They are mainly from the collection of Thomas J. Wise in London, and are edited by Professor Thurman L. Wood of Trinity College, Hartford. This is a tall, handsome volume of nearly 400 pages, with introduction, notes, and an index. One thing should have been made perfectly clear: which are the letters that now appear for the first time in print? Scholars are familiar with the privately printed collections edited by Mr. Wise; and it is well to have them now available in a trade edition. But we ought to know those that have hitherto existed only in manuscript. There is in the introduction an unnecessary sneer at Professor Armstrong's publication at Baylor University, Waco, Texas, of a volume of letters from Browning to Isa Blagden. Browning scholars are grateful for that book as they are for many other discoveries and additions to knowledge made by Baylor students under the direction of Professor Armstrong. There are also some slight errors in speaking of the poem "Pauline": "finally, in self-protection, made a revision of it and included it in his collected works." Browning himself stated "no syllable is changed." He did make some corrections, but the *revision* was not made until twenty years later. The criticism of the hero of this poem is not felicitous; and Mill's note is hardly to be called "penciled scorn." But these are minor deficiencies, and the volume as a whole should be warmly welcomed; though it is Browning the man of the world rather than Browning the genius that is revealed. There is not a single letter that displays the great qualities of the poet. Browning's proposal of a second marriage is here given for the first time within the covers of a book. Immediately after he made that hideous blunder of his *Athenæum* poem on Fitzgerald, he wrote a long letter explaining his position, to his friend Mrs. Ritchie, the daughter of Thackeray. I read it, because she asked me to do so; but what she did with it I do not know.

The Leslie Stephen Lecture on "The Name and Nature of Poetry" was de-

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livered at Cambridge University on the ninth of May, 1933, by A. E. Housman, and it is the most profound, most intimate, most thrilling essay on the subject that I have seen. Twenty-two years ago he gave his first public lecture in the Senate-house at Cambridge; this is the second and it will be the last. On the final page, he said "Farewell for ever." The prose of this work is as rich in content as it is small in extent; apart from his Latin textual studies, Mr. Housman has since the year 1896 produced two tiny volumes of poems and this slender essay in criticism; all three will probably be widely read in the twenty-first century. What a man!

As I have always believed and often written that the test of great poetry was physical rather than intellectual or spiritual, I was pleased to find in Mr. Housman's essay this statement:

> Poetry indeed seems to me more physical than intellectual. . . . Experience has taught me when I am shaving of a morning, to keep watch over my thoughts, because, if a line of poetry strays into my memory, my skin bristles so that the razor ceases to act. This particular symptom is accompanied by a shiver down the spine; there is another which consists in a constriction of the throat and a precipitation of water to the eyes; and there is a third which I can only describe by borrowing a phrase from one of Keats's last letters, where he says, speaking of Fanny Brawne, "everything that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear." The seat of this sensation is the pit of the stomach.

What Mr. Housman says of the poetry of the eighteenth century was never more needed than now, when there are writers who are attempting to persuade the world that Pope was a poet of the first class. I wish I knew exactly what Mr. Housman thinks of Gray's "Elegy." I am afraid I do know.

This little book is worth more than tons of learned treatises on poetry; those who have any admiration left for the works of Ezra Pound, E. E. Cummings, Gertrude Stein, etc., had better not read it.

To go from the sublime to the ridiculous, I heartily recommend a delightful book, illustrated in colors, called "Kings and Queens." The authors are Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon, and the thirty-eight full-page colored plates are by Rosalind Thornycroft. The monarchs of England have a page of jolly verse apiece, with their portraits facing. From William the Conqueror to George V this admirable quarto passes in humorous review the kings and queens of England. There is no pleasanter way to meet and to remember them. About 600,000 people get to sleep every night by repeating their names.

As the thermometer on this blessed day that I am writing is well over ninety, it is a pleasure to examine two books —"Arctic Village," by Robert Marshall, and "True North," by Elliott Merrick. Mr. Marshall spent fifteen months in the remote, unmapped regions of interior Alaska, north of the Arctic Circle. He is filled with enthusiasm for the country and especially for the people. "I am writing this book with the purpose of painting a complete picture of the civilization of whites and Eskimos which flourishes in the upper reaches of the Koyukuk, 200 miles beyond the reach of the twentieth century." The book is profusely illustrated.

The area of this country is about equal to that of Massachusetts and New Jersey combined. The population is 127. There is no sun in December and no night in June and July. But he believes the people are happy because they are independent; they say and do anything except steal and murder. His accounts of their intimate social life and of their conversations are highly interesting. Still, I prefer New Haven, Connecticut.

Elliott Merrick, in "True North," is equally enthusiastic about Labrador. His book is in the form of a diary, beginning September 9, 1930. He is fortunately happily married, and both Mr. and Mrs. Merrick enjoy their outdoor life in Labrador far more than in American cities. Still, I prefer New Haven, Connecticut.

The publisher Sheldon Dick has issued a large, quarto edition of Edgar Lee Masters's fine series of poems, called "The Serpent in the Wilderness." This is Mr. Dick's first volume, and it is so handsome and attractive, many book-lovers will want to get it. This is certainly an original method of publishing. There will be no trade edition. The publisher writes me,

> There are three reasons which have led me to publish this way: the first, that good poets should have the right to see their work presented as beautifully as possible; secondly, that those interested in the support of literature do want a finely-made book; and thirdly, that with the book-buying market what it is today, I hope, by issuing such American poetry in this format, to supply the need. . . .

There are 400 copies, of which 365 are for sale, all signed by the poet. The most striking poem in the volume is "Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the King Cobra," perhaps the most powerful and original work by the author. It was printed in *The American Mercury* for October 1932, and Mr. Mencken deserves immense credit for accepting it, because it fills seventeen large pages.

The former Dean of Harvard College, Le Baron Russell Briggs, is undisputed champion of a particular kind of verse, cultivated only by those who can combine metrical wit with ingenuity. "Riddles in Rhyme" and "The Sphinx Garrulous" gave admirable specimens of charades in verse. And the later volume, "Pegasus Perplexing," is perhaps the best of all. The Preface prepares the reader for the fun that follows:

> The author of this modest little volume still maintains that a charade in which *jaw-jelly-yacht* masquerades as *George Eliot* lacks the high-bred dignity, to say nothing of the scholarly accuracy, to which his verses aspire. . . . What a golden opportunity we lost in the great war! We sent out our soldiers to restore the morale of the world; we sent out the Y. M. C. A. to keep up the morale of our soldiers; we sent out vulgar vaudevillains to keep up the morale of the Y. M. C. A. The architecture of morale was patterned after the House that Jack built. If we had stopped the series with the Y. M. C. A., sustaining each of its workers by the dole of a charade book (this author's) at what insignificant cost we could have righted (and even elevated) that tottering multitude!

Even those who have no desire to strain their brains, by trying to guess what the charades mean, will enjoy the rippling and clever verses.

Another book of fun, and quite unlike the one just mentioned, for that is for able-minded adults, and this for children, is by a college professor and his wife, Professor Loring Dodd and Ruth, of Clark University, Worcester, and is called "The Puppy Book, Doggerel Puppy-treated by Wendy Dodd." The pictures are as good as the verses. I should rename the book "Literature and Dogma."

Doctor William L. Stidger has written an excellent biography of Edwin Markham, in which the poet's daily (and nightly) habits, his philosophy and religion, his food, and his ideas in general, are clearly described. Furthermore, the story of his life and career is interesting in itself.

Marquis James's biography of An-

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drew Jackson, mainly concerned with the earlier years of his life, with his environment, and with the influences that formed his character, is an exciting narrative and a contribution to the history of America. I hope, if the story is continued in another volume, a little more credit will be given to the "Life of Jackson" by the late Professor William Graham Sumner. Mr. Sumner was not interested in Jackson's personal adventures or in his idiosyncrasies, but only in his career as a public man—"who he was, what chances he had, and what he did with them." Jackson was, however, the most picturesque President in our history; and every one will understand him better by reading Mr. James's book.

Among the new murder stories, I especially commend "The Album," an admirable book by the expert Mary Roberts Rinehart (*not* Rhinehart); and "The Washington Square Enigma," an absolute hair-raiser by Harry Stephen Keeler. "Death on the Limited" by Roger Denbie is extremely ingenious. I found a Pullman porter particularly absorbed in it and all the more so because his picture appears on the cover.

I am rereading all Dickens's novels in chronological order; and how exciting it is to witness the unobtrusive entrance into the narrative of Sam Weller, Richard Swiveller, and others!

The best comment on the death of Mr. Loeb and on the Loeb Library appeared in F. P. A.'s column in *The New York Herald Tribune:*

> The death of Mr. James Loeb calls for special mention of the Loeb Classical Library, translations into English of Greek and Latin writers. They were uniformly good, and they showed students and other readers a beauty in those writers that otherwise might not have been suspected. Our favorite is the late Professor Charles A. Bennett's translation of the Odes of Horace into a lovelier prose than translation into verse is capable of.
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> . . . . . .
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> The Loeb Classics were a revelation to students who hitherto had used the atrocious literal translations, or ponies, prevalent before the issuance of the Loeb books. One of the few reasons we weep when we think of 1929 is that we failed to buy a complete set of the Loeb library.

Looking back over the past theatrical season in New York, the play that pleased me most was "When Ladies Meet," by Rachel Crothers; and the worst play I saw was "Forsaking All Others." No doubt there were plays even worse than that! but I fortunately did not see them.

On Thursday, May 11, I took the train to Providence, and returned from Providence to New Haven on THE ROYAL SCOT. I salute the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway Company for their enterprise in bringing this magnificent train across the ocean, exhibiting it in various American cities, and taking it to the World's Fair at Chicago. Besides some of the officials of the New Haven Railroad, through whose courtesy I was able to make this journey, there were on the train Mr. Anderson, Works Superintendent of the L. M. and S., Mr. Byron, Assistant to the Chief Commercial Manager, and Mr. Slattery, Assistant to the Vice-President. The engine driver was William Gilbertson, the fireman—John Jackson, the fitter—Walter Clifford Woods. There were first-class and third-class sleepers, first and third carriages, restaurant cars, a lounge or club car, etc. It was an immensely interesting trip, and at every village and town there were apparently all the inhabitants out to cheer the foreign visitor. It was a gala occasion. This train runs from London to Edinburgh, 400 miles, in 7 hours 40 minutes. Let me advise all Scribnerians to visit the train at Chicago, as it will be a memorable experience. There are innumerable gadgets.

Alan Villiers, whose books on the sea seem to me the best since Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," has once more (May, 1933) won the grain race. It is his second consecutive year of victory. His ship *Parma* reached Falmouth in 83 days from Australia, breaking all records since the clippers. Seventeen ships finished. The *Parma* had a crew largely of apprentices, which makes her record passage all the more remarkable. I commend to all audiences Mr. Villiers's lectures on the sea, illustrated with moving pictures going around the Horn.

The FAERY QUEENE CLUB is enriched by the addition of Miss Suzette B. Nichols, of Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, who enjoyed her pilgrimage through the pages of the poem.

I was highly interested when I received from Mabel F. Hilcken, of New York, the following newspaper paragraph:

> Chicago.—A case of carbon monoxide poisoning which left the patient unable to do any arithmetic has been reported by Doctors H. Douglas Singer and Abraham Low of this city. The name of the strange ailment is acalculia. meaning inability to do simple arithmetica calculations.

When I was a schoolboy, the teacher told me that in arithmetic I was slow, but not sure. I never knew what was the matter until now. I am glad it wasn't glands.

A short time ago I addressed the Association of New England Obstetricians. They elected me an honorary member of their society. Well, Socrates called the teacher a midwife.

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE WITH PUBLISHERS AND PRICES

Those marked with an asterisk are recommended for reading clubs.

*"Journal of Arnold Bennett," Vol. III. Viking Press. $3.
(Also "Journal of Arnold Bennett," 3 vols. in one, $5.)

*"At John Murray's," by George Paston. Dutton. $3.75.

*"Letters of Robert Browning," ed. T. L. Wood. Yale. $5.

*"The Name and Nature of Poetry," by A. E. Housman. Macmillan. $1.

"Kings and Queens," by E. and H. Farjeon. Dutton. $2.

"Arctic Village," by Robert Marshall. Smith & Haas. $3.

"True North," by Elliott Merrick. Scribners. $2.75.

*"The Serpent in the Wilderness," by E. L. Masters. Sheldon Dick. $8.50.

*"Pegasus Perplexing," by L. B. R. Briggs. Viking. $2.

"The Puppy Book," by Wendy Dodd. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

*"Edwin Markham," by W. L. Stidger. Abingdon. $2.50.

*"Andrew Jackson," by Marquis James. Bobbs Merrill. $3.75.

"The Album," by M. R. Rinehart. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.

"The Washington Square Enigma," by H. S. Keeler. Dutton. $2.

"Death on the Limited," by Roger Denbie. Morrow. $2.

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torney was engaged to defend a group of miners who were tried on a charge of damaging one of the Hanna company mines during a strike. Mark Hanna represented the operators in that fight and was present at the trial. One of Hanna's biographers refers feelingly to the pleasant impressions which the attorney who defended the miners made upon the wealthy operators present by his kindly recognition of the fact that in prosecuting his clients they were merely doing their duty as they saw it. McKinley saved every acquaintance, good and bad, for a rainy day.

His critics accused him of weakness. He was certainly not a strong figure. He could yield and trim and change and back-slap and smile with all manner of men on all sides of all questions, but when the issue reached that line where the career of the Major was at stake he could reveal sudden and unsuspected resources of iron.

He was far craftier than the forthright Hanna. He was a man of endless caution. He seldom committed his views to writing or his political thoughts to letters. He had a fondness for messengers which his associates noticed. When he did write it was often for the purpose of putting himself on record, a precaution he did not fail to use with his most devoted friends. He had one faculty which he employed with great success—his ability to varnish over any sort of cause, however dubious, with pious platitudes. When Dewey took Manila, McKinley could cable him to report immediately which was the richest and most desirable of the islands and then turn to the nation with a ringing defense of annexation as "benevolent assimilation."

Foraker was a very different man, strong in his own right, an able debater, a powerful figure on the hustings or in a convention, his massive head and distinguished bearing proclaiming the born leader. He had a following of his own. He ruled an effective machine. When he went to the Senate he became a loud, warlike, ready champion of every form of corporate activity. This he knew how to do with the corrupt demagog's sure mastery of all the language of adoration for the people's interest. He loved to spring up with fiery defenses of "those brave boys in blue" in the Philippines who were administering the water cure to the natives under the benevolent leadership of Butcher Smith or with a ringing appeal to "that starry banner which hangs above the President's desk" when any insurgent or Democratic senator dared to suggest that there was anything wrong in the best of all possible worlds. But Foraker's world was destined to exhibit flaws on a destructive scale. In 1908 when Taft was a candidate for the presidency, William Randolph Hearst revealed that all the time the haughty chauvinist senator was ranting about the starry banner and the boys in blue he was taking checks from John D. Archbold of the Standard Oil Company. Hearst's exposé drove Foraker from public life.

For many years these two—Hanna and Foraker—were to battle for supremacy in Ohio. McKinley contrived to keep out of the quarrels, to remain friendly with both men and both factions, to be pretty much for all the things both favored and never very much against anything.

At the 1888 Republican convention Hanna assumed the leadership of John Sherman's drive for the nomination. He enlisted the support of Foraker and McKinley. Foraker was governor, a rising figure, enormously ambitious, and with an eye on the presidency. Hanna suspected Foraker's loyalty to Sherman. He feared the Ohio governor would yield coyly to any boom for himself which appeared. Hanna, McKinley, and Foraker had rooms close together in the Sherman headquarters. One day before the convention assembled Foraker walked into Sherman headquarters and saw the ruddy-faced Hanna, now bereft of his whiskers, surrounded by Southern delegates. His fingers were filled with currency and he was handing it out freely to his Negro guests. "Far from home and short of cash," as Foraker described them, these delegates were selling to Hanna the tickets customarily alloted to each delegate for the convention gallery seats, and throwing in their souls for good measure. Of course, Hanna did not want the tickets. As a matter of fact, he turned the batch over to an associate who had them in a trunk many years later.

Foraker, who understood the dramatic values of opportune indignation, pretended to be shocked at this wholesale direct cash bribery. He denounced it. Hanna defended it as necessary since other candidates were doing it. Foraker, in his memoirs, sagely replied that "a glance at the votes cast by Southern delegates will show that Hanna did not allow many of them to get away from him." When the virtuous Foraker discovered the infamy, he ostentatiously demanded that his quarters be changed to another floor, so that he might be saved from all complicity in the deed.

Another incident deepened the breach. As Hanna bargained at the convention for his Negro votes every train brought gaudy marching clubs into Chicago behind noisy brass bands. One paraded up State Street with banners proclaiming it to be the Foraker Marching Club from Ohio. Hanna, full of suspicion, on hearing of this, reddened with anger. Sherman was Ohio's favorite son. It was bad taste, growled Hanna, to permit such a demonstration. Other Hanna associates talked even more freely. Foraker heard of these criticisms. Always ready for attack, he had the Foraker Marching Club appear at his hotel. He received them cordially and then denounced "the scurrilous, cowardly scoundrels who have been indulging in villainous insinuations." He then proposed three cheers for John Sherman. Later in the convention he seconded Sherman's nomination. Many times in later years it was to be his fate to oppose Hanna and then, at the critical moment, find himself supporting Hanna's aim.

Some years before, Grover Cleveland had proposed returning to the Southern states their captured battle flags. Foraker uttered a ringing protest. "No rebel flag will be surrendered while I am governor of Ohio," he cried. When, in this convention, Foraker took the platform to second Sherman's nomination a large floral offering was presented to him. On it was a ribbon bearing in gold letters the legend: "No rebel flag will be surrendered while I am governor." Hanna, sitting in the Ohio delegation, uttered his disgust at this incident. He unjustly attributed the unhappy busi-

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ness to Foraker. Later in a hotel lobby he ran into Foraker surrounded by his admirers. Bluntly he told Foraker he thought that sentiment a pretty stale one. This incident rankled in the soul of the self-sufficient governor.

Hanna's candidate, Sherman, was decisively defeated. At the highest point he got less than a third of the votes, made up of the Southern delegations with those of Ohio and Matt Quay's Pennsylvania underlings. Harrison was named to oppose Grover Cleveland. As the Ohio delegation left the convention, Hanna's prestige was much impaired, while Foraker was acclaimed on all sides.

The man to leave that convention with the largest dividend was William McKinley. Keeping well outside the circle of all the quarrels, avoiding all disputes, moving about with a calm and benignant countenance, fortune arranged matters well for him. At a critical moment in the balloting, when it seemed certain Sherman could not win, the catlike Tom Platt decided to shift to McKinley. The move was arranged to begin with the Connecticut delegation. When the name of the Nutmeg State was called a delegate cast the State's votes for McKinley. The chief object was to break down the Sherman forces and then push forward the name of Blaine. McKinley leaped to his feet, announced that he was pledged to Sherman, and resolutely refused to permit the use of his name. It was a fateful moment for him. Loyalty to a friend was a virtue which Mark Hanna could fully appreciate. For McKinley, pledged to Sherman, to have done otherwise, would have been perfidious. Nevertheless, he was given credit for an act of exceptional valor in refusing to be a traitor to the man whose candidacy he was managing. And as the convention adjourned his standing as a future presidential possibility was fixed.

It was fixed with especial definiteness in the mind of Mark Hanna. The two men were thrown together intimately during the convention. Hanna was astonished at the shrewdness and sagacity of McKinley. His surprise was mixed with pleasure because McKinley's talent was beautifully garnished with a show of high-minded sentiment. Hanna himself was a more or less artless creature. He was blunt, outspoken, direct, utterly without guile. He moved always by the shortest route to his objective. He rested upon an almost childlike faith in the right of his class—business—to have its way, to make its profit, and the bigger the profit the better for the country. Workmen were protégés who should be dealt with benevolently. Loyalty to friends, right or wrong; a profound respect for the power of money to achieve its ends and a willingness to use it as well as all the other recognized implements of political warfare, made up the balance of his creed. Hanna was not always a cautious man. He could explode with wrath at inopportune moments. McKinley was the soul of caution. Moreover he resolved every action into one of high moral ingredients. If he refrained from doing anything because it was inexpedient he could give his omission the appearance of a personal sacrifice. Hanna came to be very fond of McKinley and this deepened soon after into a genuine affection for the rising congressman.

Hanna was sure now that John Sherman could never be named. He was also convinced that McKinley could have been named with a proper drive behind the effort. He had no notion of relinquishing his one ambition—to name a president—and he resolved to devote himself henceforth to bringing about the nomination of McKinley.

Harrison was elected by a narrow squeak, the popular majority going against him. And immediately the coal and iron man from Cleveland went doggedly about pushing the interests of his new candidate. He went to Washington to promote McKinley's race for Speaker. But a stronger man than the Major, Thomas B. Reed, could not be beaten. Reed named McKinley chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and thus his name was given to the ill-starred tariff measure which would bring defeat to his party, sweep him from Congress, but in the end force McKinley to the top as the logical candidate of the Republicans in 1896.

Framing the McKinley bill made one of the most disgraceful chapters in the history of national legislation. McKinley called in the various special interests to be favored and told them to write out their own schedules. Advice was asked of no one else. Even so orthodox a protectionist as Blaine drew back from the surrender. He warned his party in Congress. But there was no favor which Big Business could ask which seemed exorbitant. When the next election rolled around the Republican collectors presented themselves for their checks. But the checks did no good. Hanna was amazed and dismayed at the blast which came back from the country. The people had a score to settle and at the ensuing congressional elections the Republicans were swept out of office. McKinley himself fell a victim. His defeat was due in part to a skillful gerrymander. But the country at large knew merely that he had been defeated. The effect upon his fortunes was most discouraging. His own spirits sank down, but he was to learn that he had a manager who could not be turned back.

Hanna's problem was most difficult. The clouds were gathering over the nation's business. The government was grappling with fiscal difficulties beyond its strength. A hostile Congress offered to Harrison endless possibilities of trouble. There was no lack of woe in Ohio. Following Harrison's election, Hanna set out to remove Foraker from McKinley's path. Foraker offered himself for renomination as governor in 1889. Hanna, when he failed to deprive the governor of that honor at the convention, withdrew his support at the polls and permitted the Democratic candidate to walk off with the prize. Hanna boasted he had driven Foraker from public life.

But Foraker could not be so easily disposed of. They clashed again in 1891. McKinley's removal from Congress had made it necessary to find another battle ground where his tarnished prestige might be revived. Hanna decided to nominate McKinley for governor in that year. Foraker appeared in the field, this time as a candidate for United States Senator against old John Sherman. But Hanna was almost always a little too much for Foraker. The warlike governor found it expedient to suppress his hatred for Hanna and meekly make the nominating speech for McKinley.

Hardly was the convention over when Hanna set out to complete Foraker's extinction. He gave little attention to the

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campaign to elect McKinley. He brought his energies to bear on electing Sherman to the Senate. He took personal charge of the fight and when the legislature met to select Sherman's successor in the Senate, Hanna went to Columbus and spent his time, his money, his personal influence to defeat Foraker. He succeeded. The election of McKinley and the defeat of Foraker now made Hanna the most powerful political leader in Ohio. Moreover it was widely accepted that he had a genuine presidential candidate on his hands.

Thus by his bold management, by his frank recognition of McKinley's predicament, and his fearless acceptance of the difficult chance of defeat for his candidate in a year when the tide was running strongly against his party, he completely removed all the untoward effects of McKinley's last defeat. Moreover, by McKinley's election as governor in a Democratic year he thrust the Major forward again as a formidable contender for the presidency.

In his fight Hanna collected good dividends from his many years of liberal contributions to the war chests of the party. Not only the state and city party machines, but numerous individual candidates had made frequent drafts upon the rich banker's open wallet. After the local campaign of 1887, Hanna dropped into Republican headquarters to find the committee sitting about in lugubrious gloom. When he was told that the cause of their sorrow was a deficit of $1250, he laughed, wrote a check for the amount and handed it over without being asked. McKinley himself was one of those politicians in occasional need of money who did not hesitate to borrow from Hanna. His personal campaign expenses were paid by Hanna in 1891. On one occasion Hanna contributed $1200 to the campaign of a county treasurer, then collected a group of friends to sign the treasurer's bond for a million, and, thereafter, got a large share of the county funds for his bank.

As the troubled contest of 1892 approached, Hanna perceived that this was not yet McKinley's moment. President Harrison had the usual commanding call on a renomination. Moreover the drift was away from the Republicans. Hanna saw that his chief task was to keep his candidate in the current of comment and attention. Hanna opened modest McKinley headquarters at the Republican convention, but closed them before the balloting was reached. Harrison was renamed, but defeated in the election by an overwhelming majority. But Hanna had kept his man well to the front. McKinley served as permanent chairman of the Republican convention and, though his name was never placed in nomination, he received 182 votes. During the ensuing months Hanna carefully arranged that McKinley should appear in a series of important addresses in the places where they would do him most good. He contrived to make ex-Senator Charles Dick chairman of the Ohio State convention to ensure possession of the party machinery preceding the next state convention. And as the waves closed over the head of the unpopular Benjamain Harrison, William McKinley rose up above the waters as the unquestioned leader for the race four years later.

Mark Hanna, now in collaboration with that peculiar series of fortuitous events which were referred to as the fruit of McKinley's destiny, went to work to nail down the prize. Not only did the nation move swiftly into the deeper levels of the depression already begun under Harrison, but internecine war broke out in the Democratic party. It began with the repeal of the Sherman silver purchase act and the President's veto of the act to "coin the seigniorage," aptly damned by Abram S. Hewitt's phrase "to coin a vacuum." Then came the famous gold bond issue through the House of Morgan which brought down maledictions on the heavily laden shoulders of Grover Cleveland, the stupid manhandling of the tariff issue by the Democratic congress in the Wilson bill, the annulment of the income tax law by the Supreme Court, leaving the Treasury with a howling deficit and finally the violent railroad strike led by Eugene V. Debs and Cleveland's suppression of it with United States troops. As the year 1896 dawned, the election of a Republican successor to Cleveland seemed a foregone conclusion.

Meantime, McKinley had been triumphantly re-elected as governor of Ohio by an unprecedented majority. The morning following that event the *Cleveland Leader* printed a cartoon, with McKinley's beaming countenance rising like the sun over the prostrate land and with Uncle Sam pointing toward him as the Rising Sun of Prosperity. Hanna saw in an instant the cash value of that idea. He immediately hailed McKinley as the Advance Agent of Prosperity. That cartoon and Hanna's phrase were to serve the Major profitably until he entered the White House. They were to have a powerful effect upon the course of politics for the next forty years. But at the moment they made McKinley stand out as the almost certain choice of his party.

It was in these years that Mark Hanna moved into that position of power which brought him closer to the rôle of national political boss than any other man, before or since, has occupied without actually being president. He gave himself more and more to the work in hand until in 1894 he gave up altogether his old business connections and devoted his time entirely to the management of McKinley's candidacy. His strategy was, as might be expected, simple. It was to keep McKinley clear of all entanglements and by avoiding action of all sorts avoid mistakes. This was simple enough with a candidate whose very nature abhorred action. Meantime, he would round up his old friends in the South and sell McKinley to the necessary northern delegations with the potent and tasty promise which McKinley held out for success at the polls. In a campaign noted for its single-mindedness, its sheer persistence, its ample treasury, and its freedom from errors, Hanna pushed forward the fortunes of his smiling, handsome, and crafty candidate until he was nominated and elected President of the United States.

But this drive was interrupted by one strange mischance in which it seemed as if all the friendly fairies had quit the entourage of the friendly Major. In 1893 Hanna was in New York, summoned thither by the untoward direction of affairs in his own business because of the panic. A wire came from Myron T. Herrick, Cleveland banker, announcing that a man named Robert L. Walker, a tin can manufacturer of Youngstown, Ohio, was in business difficulties and that McKinley was caught on some $100,000 of his notes. Herrick and others were trying to raise sufficient

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funds to bail the Major out and needed aid from Hanna. Hanna hurried back to Cleveland only to find that the blow had fallen, that Walker had gone into bankruptcy, that McKinley, crushed by the news, had lost his nerve, was threatening to resign as governor, withdraw from political life, and go into bankruptcy and devote his time to paying his debts. A stranger fate never overtook a presidential candidate.

The whole story of this odd episode has apparently never been fully told. But enough has come to light to reveal the ease with which the Major all his life could accept the bounty of other men. McKinley in his youth had borrowed some $5000 from Walker to pay his way through his law studies. This small item McKinley never troubled himself to repay. When he became governor, Walker, then in the tin can business, got McKinley to endorse his notes. One day one of these notes made its way to Herrick's bank. It produced some apprehension and Herrick went to the governor, who with something less than candor explained that he owed Walker $5000. Herrick got that sum from a rich admirer of the Major and sent it to Walker. But the Walker notes with McKinley endorsements continued to appear in various banks. The sum totalled $130,000. Then Herrick notified Hanna. Before they could arrange to raise the necessary funds Walker's business was devoured by the depression. He was adjudged a bankrupt and the news got out.

Hanna and Herrick then hurriedly collected the necessary $130,000 from a select list of Republicans to pay the Major's way to solvency. Some gave, as John Hay's biographer informs us, "because they admired McKinley, some because he had served them in Congress, some because they wanted to save the party from unedifying criticisms." The subscribers to the ransom fund were Hanna and Herrick, Carnegie, Frick, Samuel Mather, and other big business men of Cleveland, John Hay, Philander C. Knox, H. H. Kohlsaat, and some others. McKinley's biographers relate that he deeded all his and his wife's property to three trustees reserving for himself only his business block in Canton in which he had an equity of $50,000.

Did McKinley ever repay these sums? His biographer and Mark Hanna's are singularly silent on that point. McKinley himself had a habit of making up the record for himself and so, although throughout this distressing episode he remained under the shelter of Herrick's home, there is extant a letter written by him to Herrick, recording his sentiments in grandiloquent terms. He described the transaction as the "collection of widely scattered paper of his into a few hands." He "insisted that this paper be bought dollar for dollar," as if he were supplying the cash to his fiscal agents. This paper was to be held as "an obligation against me." Then with an almost Pickwickian gesture he declared he would have to decline the payment of his debts by his friends on any other terms.

Myron T. Herrick's biographer, a peculiarly inaccurate chronicler, declares that McKinley thereafter sent money which he saved from his salary. Herrick never appears to have disbursed any of it. Instead he invested it and McKinley referred to "these little investments" in a letter to Herrick a few months before his death. After McKinley's death Herrick turned those investments over to the President's widow.

V

As the Republican convention assembled at St. Louis late in June, 1896, the nation faced a new war of the sections, this time between the West and the East, which took a very old form. Always in periods of depression the value of money rises and always the debtor class clamors for currency inflation in some form. Then it was expressed in the demand for the remonetization of silver. Hanna's strategy was designed to suppress the silver issue. McKinley's history on that point was bad. He had been a bi-metallist. He had voted to override Hayes's veto of the Bland-Allison silver act and he had voted for the Sherman silver purchase act. But now he sealed his lips on that issue.

Many men supposed him to be still an ardent bi-metallist. The California delegation came to the convention instructed for McKinley and Free Silver. The West was for bi-metallism. But the powerful East, which was Republican, and which would have to supply the sinews of war, was for gold. The syndicate which had bailed McKinley out of bankruptcy, as Tom Reed sneeringly described it, would never stand for a silver platform. Hence at St. Louis the position of almost every man present on the money question was known save that of McKinley, the aspirant for leadership. Newspaper men prodded Hanna to know where McKinley stood. Hanna replied that the convention, not the candidate, made the platform, ignoring the apparently unimportant fact that the candidate would have to stand on it. Old Senator Teller of Colorado headed a militant silver group unalterably opposed to gold. Henry Cabot Lodge and Tom Reed led the Eastern host equally set against silver. Hanna wanted the votes of all groups. He brought to St. Louis a money plank artfully phrased to satisfy the gold people and fool the silver wing. But it encountered in the resolutions committee Hanna's old foe, Joseph B. Foraker, who, as chairman of the committee, forced through an unequivocal gold plank.

Even after his nomination McKinley refused to take the money plank seriously. "I am a tariff man standing on a tariff platform," he insisted. "This money matter is too prominent. In thirty days you won't hear anything about it." "In thirty days," replied his friend, Judge William R. Day, "you won't hear of anything else." At first McKinley tried to dodge the money question. He fell back upon obscure phrases like "sound money" and "an honest dollar." But Bryan had been named by the Democrats and had the country aflame with his holy war for silver. And so in the end McKinley, the bi-metallist, was forced to unload his old faith and come out openly for the gold standard. This was characteristic of McKinley. No man could slip from under an issue more smoothly than he. He did no bleeding for unpopular causes.

VI

It is the custom of conservative historians to describe the following of Bryan—the silver Democrats and their Populist allies—as a horde of maddened, class-crazed, violent agitators threatening the foundations of constitutional government. As a matter of fact, nothing could exceed the violence of the eastern supporters of McKinley. They exhausted the resources of denunciation and abuse and stormed against Bryan and his "mob of repudiators" as the

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sober *New York Evening Post* called them, with incredible fury. Theodore Roosevelt, then in the full flight of that jingoism which provoked Doctor Charles Eliot to refer to him as a "ruffian," put no limits upon his denunciation of the opposition as enemies of the republic. Once he refused to meet Altgeld, the Illinois governor, because "I may be called upon to meet the man sword to sword upon the field of battle. When the war does come I will be found at the head of my regiment." The war referred to was the coming revolution. Then he added that he believed "the sentiment now animating our people can only be suppressed, as the commune in Paris was suppressed, by taking a dozen or more of their leaders out, standing them against a wall and shooting them dead." Roosevelt, who really knew no more about the money question than any cornfield soap box orator in the West, flayed what he loved to call the "Popocrats" who would bring the country to social revolution. These dangerous nihilists demanded a graduated income tax, postal savings banks, recognition of Cuban independence, home rule in the territories and the District of Columbia, ballot reform, popular election of Senators and the President, the initiative and referendum, a program of public works during periods of depression, government ownership of railroads and telegraphs and bimetallism. Most of these things have since been introduced into our system, and Roosevelt himself would one day out-popocrat the Popocrats by damning with the same violence those who opposed these things.

The fashionable preachers of New York broke into full cry against the enemies of the Lord. Doctor Robert S. McArthur of Calvary Baptist Church and the celebrated Doctor Parkhurst poured out the vials of their wrath upon Bryan, and Doctor Courtland Meyer, in Henry Ward Beecher's old church, dramatically proclaimed, "I love the blood-stained banner of the cross and it is in danger." *The New York Tribune* bitterly assailed Bryan as the "rival of Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, and Jefferson Davis in deliberate wickedness and treason to the republic." *The Evening Post* saw in the proceedings of the Chicago convention which named Bryan a duplication of the opening scenes of the French revolution. The abuse and billingsgate heaped upon Bryan were so savage that Doctor Albert Shaw, the conservative editor of *The Review of Reviews*, took his friends to task. "The editors, university professors, and eastern bankers who are calling all the leaders of the West and South anarchists and demagogues are making the situation more difficult by their mischievous folly." When the contest was over, *The Tribune* rejoiced in the victory which had come because "God is God and right is right," while Cornelius Bliss and Jacob Schiff and Isaac Seligman and other great bankers sat around the festive board with the triumphant leader of the victorious gold hosts and "thanked God for Mark Hanna."

The fury of the other side was loosed chiefly against Hanna. Davenport's savage cartoon furnished an anthropomorphic devil upon which the hatred of the masses could vent itself. Those famous caricatures representing Hanna leading McKinley, a diminutive Napoleon, crushing workers, bowling over women and children, piling up money bags, and fraternizing with the trusts, cut deeply into Mark Hanna's hide. "These hurt," he complained bitterly to Senator Dolliver.

VII

Hanna's name will always be associated with the perfection of that important art which is popularly known as "frying the fat," which is only a picturesque way of describing the process of rendering into campaign cash some of the suet which rich men are enabled to accumulate through political favors. It was not at all a new business. In its earlier forms it was practised on office holders. As early as 1864 Gideon Welles complained at the levies made upon him and other partakers of the spoils. As business grew bigger and fatter and more at the mercy of government, politicians soon learned how to make the prosperous ones pay for immunity. William E. Chandler had learned how to draw generous sums from men like Roach and Gould. Carter, who managed Harrison's campaign, got $400,000 from the ship builder, George Cramp, on a promise of ship-building contracts. In the preceding struggle between Blaine and Cleveland, Blaine's spectacular campaign was brought to an end with that famous Royal Feast of Belshazzar when Gould and Sage, Astor, Flagler, Mills, Carnegie, and some 200 "money kings" sat down to terrapin and champagne at what *The New York World* called the "boodle banquet." Stephen B. Elkins needed more money for the last big Blaine effort and the money kings were brought together for the frying.

All this was just a loose way of doing what Hanna would do in an orderly manner and on a large scale in 1896. Hanna's success at this was due to his frank methods. He told corporation executives bluntly that they got plenty of service from the Republican party and ought not to hesitate to pay for it. He levied an outright assessment on every bank. Later he denied a charge in the Senate by Senator Teller that he had done this. But his official biographer concedes that the assessment was one-quarter of one per cent. The Standard Oil gave $250,000. Other corporations contributed in proportion. How much he actually collected and spent no one can say. His biographer admits it was $3,500,000 while Senator Foraker, who had opportunity to know, says it was not less than $7,000,000.

In later years apologists spoke of all this as if Hanna were an innocent sort of creature who had never heard any question raised about the propriety of thus collecting funds. Raising slush funds, in fact, had come in for plenty of attention. England had had a corrupt practices act since 1883. The subject had been discussed and the system roundly denounced in America. By 1892 New York and half a dozen other States had passed corrupt practices acts.

The dollar mark on Hanna's suit, put there by the cartoonist Davenport, was intended to represent not Mark Hanna's own personal greed, but his policy of using money to buy whatever he wanted in public life. And Hanna understood perfectly what the money was paid for. He hammered at contributors. "I know you people will do the fair thing," he wrote to Archbold, paymaster of Standard Oil, "and I want the State committee to get a liberal subscription from you this time. . . . This whole fight is against the corporations and me as their champion." When Archbold wanted service he called on Hanna. He wrote Hanna "to enlist your aid" to defeat two anti-trust bills in the Ohio legislature. He wrote again to urge Hanna to be active to defeat Smith W. Bennett

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for attorney-general of Ohio because he assisted Frank Monnett in prosecuting Standard Oil.

Thus toward the end of his career—these letters were in 1900 to 1903—there was not such a difference from that earlier Hanna who loaned freely to aldermen in return for utility franchises, who handed out cash to Negro delegates for their "gallery seats," and who, around 1890, wrote to Attorney-General Watson of Ohio to dissuade him from prosecuting Standard Oil and advised him "that no man owes anything to the public."

VIII

There is a popular notion that the Civil War wrecked the Democratic party; that after that vast upheaval the population of the country became Republican as it had been Democratic before. This of course is not true. It was Mark Hanna and the full dinner pail and the legend of prosperity which wrecked the Democratic party.

Obviously Lincoln's second election, in the midst of the war, and Grant's two elections, with federal troops in possession of all the Democratic states, cover a period of abnormal conditions in which, of course, the Democratic party ceased to function. But if we examine the elections from 1876—following the return of the wayward sisters—down to 1892, the result is a little surprising. In that time there were five presidential elections and in four out of five of them, the Democrats obtained the undisputed popular majorities. Tilden and Cleveland three times obtained more votes than their Republican opponents. It must be obvious now that they also obtained majorities in the electoral college in three out of the five elections, since Hayes was declared elected only by giving him the votes of Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina which no man in his senses now believes represented the political sentiment of those states.

In that same period ten congressional elections were held and the Democrats enjoyed majorities in six out of the ten. It was not until the election of 1896 and the strange combination of circumstances which followed which established the Republicans as the guardians and conservators of prosperity that Democratic defeat became almost a habit with the voters. Since then, out of ten presidential elections, Republican candidates have been victorious in seven and they have controlled the House in 13 out of 19 elections.

The full dinner pail did what a civil war could not do. Hanna promised prosperity if McKinley was elected. McKinley was elected. Prosperity came. The overwhelming demonstration was too much for a people who had been hungry too long. Of course, Hanna and McKinley and their tariff promises and their reluctant gold dosage had no more to do with the revival of business than the incantations of a ring of witch doctors have to do with the recovery of an ailing savage.

The depression had been forming for years. It came when the orgy of reckless railroad building and industrial expansion and wild speculation, all on borrowed money, came to an end because no more money could be borrowed. All periods of prosperity are produced by expanding income with borrowed money. We will learn how to avoid depressions when we learn how to produce prosperity without borrowing, which is an order a little too large for any wizard that has yet appeared. The vitalizing borrowing is always done in the capital construction industries. When credit for construction and the production of investment goods is exhausted the national income shrinks, the depression begins in spots, proceeds to live upon itself, to destroy values, to destroy debts and equities until some fortuitous circumstance rescues us. Thus the depression of 1893 deepened into the panic of 1896.

All the phenomena visible today were present then. Banks failed, runs started, clearing house certificates appeared and men were actually selling their own checks to brokers at heavy discounts. Railroads, instead of borrowing from the R. F. C. and then failing, went into bankruptcy somewhat more speedily. Defaults revealed crookedness in high places which shocked the people, as for instance the falsification of statements by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, and the exposé of certain senators speculating in sugar futures on the eve of their vote on the sugar duties. The Democrats, who no more knew what was wrong than the Republicans, persisted in issuing, like Hoover and Doctor Klein, stupidly optimistic statements.

Cleveland risked his fame by selling gold bonds to Morgan, brought down maledictions on his head, and did, thus, save the Treasury for the moment. But the depression continued to devour the country. Construction of all sorts ceased completely, as it has today. Conquest of the depression was possible only by reviving construction—short, of course, of an accident. No one seemed to know this save the despised Populists who clamored for a program of public works. The accident came, but it was a tragic one. The cruel sirocco burned up the fields of Nebraska, Iowa, and Kansas, cutting their wheat crop to a third. Wheat had been selling on the farms at 49 cents a bushel, the lowest in our history up to that time. Just before the election the Indian wheat crop failed. This made an unexpected market for our own grain which promptly went up to 95 cents and beyond all doubt settled the election of McKinley.

But, after the election, prosperity continued to lurk stubbornly around its corner. Stocks rose with the great news of Republican victory but fell back again just as in 1933. Seven hundred manufacturing establishments lit their fires but put them out again in thirty days. Failures increased and bank clearings were lower in the first seven months after the election than in the seven months before.

Hanna was deeply troubled. He did not know that the cure had already really set in from wholly uncontrolled sources. First, vast new supplies of gold were uncovered and the new cyanide process greatly increased the yield from old mines. In 1904 Mr. Leroy Beaulieu pointed out that half the gold then in the world's central banks and treasuries had been accumulated since 1890. But even more important, France was swept by a drought, which cut her wheat yield by 93 million bushels. The Russian crop was damaged by rains, reducing it by 80,000,000 bushels, while storms in the Danube Valley destroyed over 127,000,000 bushels of its wheat. Moreover the good prices of wheat in the preceding fall had encouraged American farmers to plant more, so that now, with a tremendous shortage of grain in Europe, our farmers had an increased supply. Wheat went to a dollar on the Chicago Board of Trade. Our ships hurried over the seas laden with grain and returned with gold. As a result the gold reserve

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which was $44,500,000 in 1896 was swelled to $245,000,000 in 1898. The gold standard act was not passed until 1899. It required a gold reserve of $150,000,000 and this would not have been possible without these two accidental circumstances.

With this powerful stimulus business started up. We rushed forward again into an era of building electric street-car lines, electric light plants, and skyscrapers; of remaking our run-down railroads and creating new industries. Capital construction with borrowed money began again. Income expanded. Prosperity returned. And all this without the Grand Old Party moving its fingers, though it did move its jaws lustily to proclaim the magic.

IX

There was a logical and poetic fitness in Mark Hanna's rise to leadership at this moment. He embodied the strength and weakness of the people—their perfect attachment to getting along, their tolerance of the current art of getting along, their practical organizing power, their admiration of the adventurers they were pleased to look upon as Titans and whom they called, half affectionately, Captains of Industry.

Changes were in progress very deep under the surface. Our economic life had been undergoing a revolution. Possession of the tools of industry, which had already passed out of the hands of the workers, was now passing out of the hands of the individual capitalists and into the grip of certain giant corporate beings, subject to new and little-understood laws of creation and control. A kind of uneasiness seeped through the minds of more thoughtful groups. Periods of prosperity and depression succeeded each other, but a vast bolus of poverty, untouched by these alternating tides, continued to grow.

Hanna himself saw and understood nothing of all this. He believed an employer ought to be generous to his employees, but that there might be a basic flaw hidden away somewhere in the system itself never occurred to him. He looked with unmixed hatred on the two forms of revolt which exhibited any energy. They aimed at the two gods he worshipped most unquestionably—land and private property. Yet these two forces—expressing the teachings of Henry George and Karl Marx—did yield certain fruits. Henry George's single-tax theory captured large numbers of eminently respectable people and infused them with a questioning spirit. Marx's followers were found chiefly in the left wing of the labor movement. But a great many perfectly good Americans who recoiled from the idea of the socialist state were forced to yield a reluctant assent to the socialist diagnosis of our ills. And slowly various socialist reform demands got themselves worked into the programs of highly respectable reform movements in various states.

One form which this took was the movement for municipal ownership, a doctrine which could wring bursts of profanity from the rich Cleveland street-car magnate. Hanna always denounced those employers who refused to treat with their workers. His own record was above reproach on that. And in 1894 when Cleveland sent soldiers to Chicago to quell the Pullman strikers, Hanna, standing in the Union Club in Cleveland, created an uproar by denouncing Pullman. "God-damn the man who won't deal with his men," he thundered until Myron Herrick led him out. But when he wished to damn with emphatic violence his arch enemy Tom Johnson, he could call him nothing worse than "a socialist, a communist, and an anarchist," which was much like calling a man a Catholic, a Presbyterian, and a Baptist.

Of course, this new economic order had to have a philosophy. And accordingly a confusion of apologists came forward. Americans who knew little of Nietzsche and Zarathustra began to hear much of the superman. Privately they would concede that you could not hold these great doers to the same ethical limitations as applied to corner grocers. Others who were reading for the first time the magazine articles about Darwin and Huxley which were having a great popular vogue, explained that we were merely passing through a slightly accelerated phase of the evolutionary process, in which these strong men were hurrying a little the process of survival. The growing economics departments of the older colleges were, for the most part, provided with men like John Bates Clark at Yale who attacked the labor movement and Professor J. Laurence Laughlin of Harvard and later Chicago University, who could be depended on to explain all current phenomena in satisfactory terms. To say nothing of hirelings like Professor George Gunton, who wrote monthly diatribes against the enemies of the trusts and pocketed the checks of Mr. John D. Archbold. Of course, pulpits everywhere, taking their cues from the Reverend DeWitt Talmadge and their benefactions from the rich communicants, managed to compose the hostile properties of Nietzsche, Darwin, Mammon, and Jesus into a new and comforting theological goulash.

In such a society, agitated at the time by a profound depression, Mark Hanna assumed the direction of the political machine which would support and protect the ruling elements while they consolidated their control of the economic machine. He organized big business as a coherent political entity.

As McKinley's inauguration approached, Hanna planned to take a house in Washington and prepared to assume the rôle of general superintendent of that machine. The astute McKinley saw quickly enough that Hanna's residence in the capital could be explained on no satisfactory ground. He therefore proposed that Hanna accept a place in his cabinet as Postmaster General, which would give him a proper reason for being at hand. The idea of high political office, however, had never occurred to Hanna. He was an intolerant, self-assertive autocrat in any field where he felt sure of himself. But he had never given attention to political questions. His time had been occupied with the minutiæ of vote getting. He was only just graduated from that sort of statecraft which has its life in aldermanic boards, arguing about franchises. The thought of going into the cabinet probably shocked him a little.

However, he had cherished not an ambition, but a kind of remote wish for a place in the Senate. Hanna, despite his arrogance, knew his limitations and had a kind of blunt modesty, and he never dreamed this wish could be fulfilled. Now, however, he was being dined and fêted and thrust forward and called on for speeches. He found himself rubbing elbows with many so-called statesmen and became aware that he was not so far behind them. Thus the notion was born.

There was no vacancy from Ohio. Sherman had two years to serve. For-

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aker had just been elected. However, Hanna and McKinley talked it over and concerted a plan. McKinley would appoint John Sherman Secretary of State. The governor of Ohio could then name Hanna to the Senate vacancy. But Bushnell, the governor, hated Hanna. Hanna went to his old enemy Foraker, and asked him to urge Bushnell to appoint him. The idea of Hanna in the Senate amazed Foraker. It seemed incongruous. Foraker regarded Hanna as inarticulate and ignorant. Moreover Foraker did not like the appointment of Sherman as Secretary of State. He had observed at the last Zanesville convention when Sherman presided that the old Senator's memory was seriously impaired. He was an aged man incapable of coping with the now greatly enlarged duties of the State Department. But Hanna's mind was made up. Foraker went to McKinley and sought to dissuade him. But McKinley backed Hanna. Foraker brought the proposal to Bushnell, who drew away from it. But after all McKinley was President. He was able to supply the necessary pressure. In the end Bushnell had to yield—a triumph, thought Foraker, of impudence and gall. Sherman was named Secretary of State. But Bushnell kept Hanna on the griddle and did not hand the Senate commission to him until inauguration day only a few moments before the Senate convened. As for Sherman, his infirmities soon asserted themselves. The old man saw very soon that the President was passing him over, summoning to the White House the assistant secretary Judge William Day. When war with Spain was declared he resigned and retired to nurse his hatred of both McKinley and Hanna for having pushed him out of both Senate and cabinet.

The Senate into which Hanna moved was now in process of being recast. There were plenty of the old school there—notably Senator George Hoar of Massachusetts and Senator Morgan of Alabama. But the wealthy utility and railroad men and their counsel had begun to make their appearance and before long Mark Hanna found himself the dominant figure in a ring of lawgivers he could thoroughly understand. There was Chauncey Depew, president of the New York Central, and Tom Platt from New York; Matt Quay and Boies Penrose, two of the most frankly corrupt politicians ever to sit in that body; Stephen B. Elkins, multimillionaire utility magnate, and Scott of West Virginia; Philander C. Knox, Carnegie's attorney, and Nelson W. Aldrich, another utility owner; Kean of New Jersey, holder of many gas millions. Of course it was never necessary to hand out money to these men as it was to chaps like Foraker and Bailey, to get things done for big business. They *were* big business and they formed under Hanna's leadership the advance guard of that wave of big business leaders who would swarm over the government, seize complete dominion of its machinery, and end by plunging it into one of the most crushing depressions in all history.

Hanna had his seat by appointment. He had now to make it good by election. He promptly announced his candidacy and at sixty years of age, for the first time in his life, with fear and trembling, had to go out upon the hustings to elect enough Republican legislators to send him to the Senate. He quickly made good as an able, effective, rough-and-tumble political speaker, making two hour speeches without any notes, flinging back sharp replies to the crowds, laying on his opponents with ungloved hands. He succeeded in getting a safe Republican majority elected to the Ohio legislature committed to his candidacy and when that body assembled he was without an opponent. But a hostile coalition soon appeared. The Democrats agreed to support a Republican to defeat Hanna. The Republican insurgents and Democrats settled on Mayor McKisson of Cleveland and a riotous contest soon developed.

Wild excitement reigned in Columbus. The opposing factions provided bodyguards to protect weak-kneed followers from seizure. One Hanna legislator was kidnapped and locked in McKisson headquarters, until Hanna men recaptured him and spirited him back to their own camp where he was put under lock and key. When the final decisive vote was due Hanna had a majority of one. One backslider could upset everything. His supporters were marched to the legislature under guard. Armed men patrolled every entrance. Then came the bomb-shell. J. C. Otis, a silver Republican, rose in the House and charged that a man named Shayne in the presence of Otis's counsel, offered him a bribe of $1750 if he would vote for Hanna, and Otis electrified the House by producing the $1750. This produced a sensation but did not prevent Hanna's election. The House named a committee to investigate. Its members, save one, were unfriendly to Hanna. But that lofty gentleman refused to offer any testimony. The committee heard a number of witnesses, reported their findings, and the House voted to send the testimony and the report to the United States Senate with a demand for an investigation. The Senate received the demand, sent it to a committee, and that body, over a minority protest, reported unfavorably on an investigation. Both majority and minority conceded that Otis's charge seemed to be sustained. But the majority insisted this did not cloud Hanna's title. The testimony submitted to the Senate is still extant and no fair-minded man can read it without admitting it establishes at least a prima facie case justifying further inquiry. Hanna's contention that Shayne, a New York furrier, unknown to his supporters, travelled all the way to Columbus without any interest in the election save that of a mere busybody and bought a vote for Hanna with $1750 in cash is, to say the least, a little thin. Hanna and his friends blocked an investigation and his name must continue to rest under the odium of that act.

X

Hanna's friendship for McKinley remained unshaken. But a strain was put upon it in the campaign of 1900 on at least three occasions. Following the Spanish War, McKinley came to the conclusion that he belonged to the ages and proceeded to perform for posterity. The first strain came when he preserved for many months preceding the convention a strange silence on the question of Hanna's management of his second campaign. Hanna made himself almost sick fretting about this. There is little doubt that McKinley was actually weighing in his cautious mind whether his old friend was the right man. Hanna's power, his preeminence as a campaign manager and his claims upon the party and McKinley left the President no alternative.

The second irritant between the two men came when McKinley, characteristically, stepped from behind Hanna on the vice-presidential contest. Hanna and

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McKinley were opposed to Roosevelt. Roosevelt complained to Hanna that he was being forced into the vice-presidency. "Then, by God, Teddy," Hanna replied, "there is no power on earth can make a man run for an office he doesn't want." (Roosevelt always disliked being called Teddy by Hanna. Hanna equally disliked being called "Old Man" by Roosevelt.) Hanna, a month before the convention, had settled on Root for the place, but Root declined. At the convention Quay and Platt were pressing the Roosevelt boom to get Roosevelt out of New York. Hanna was furious at them. "By God, there will be only one life between the presidency and this madman," he stormed. At the last moment he was about to line up the administration forces behind Secretary of the Navy Long, when a wire from McKinley, not to him, but to Charles G. Dawes, announced that the administration had no candidate. Hanna was thus hamstrung by McKinley's flight without consulting him. He took his medicine and watched the convention name Roosevelt with sullen anger.

When the campaign got under way Hanna, now confident of his power as a platform speaker, decided to take the stump. He planned to go to South Dakota first to wreak vengeance on Senator Pettigrew who had baited him mercilessly on the Senate floor, and who was up for re-election. Again McKinley grew fearful. He was not sure Hanna's appearance on the stump would aid his candidacy. He sent Postmaster General Charles Emory Smith to Hanna to urge reasons why the Senator should remain away from South Dakota, without letting him know the objection came from the President. But Hanna quickly saw through Smith's mission. "The President sent you, didn't he?" asked Hanna, reddening. Smith admitted this. "Then go back to Washington," Hanna bristled, "and tell the President that God hates a coward." McKinley made objection to one or two other courses of Hanna. He did so in very cautiously phrased letters, like so many of his communications, made for subsequent consumption. These incidents gave Hanna one swift glance into the soul of his greatly favored friend. His anger rose. But he was not a man to remain long angry with an old friend and he quickly forgot his irritation.

He went to South Dakota and thus showed that if he could forgive with readiness a friend, he could cherish with equal persistence his hatred of an enemy. In South Dakota the legislature still elected Senators, but candidates were also required to face approvals in State plebiscites. Hanna stumped South Dakota against Pettigrew and, according to that gentleman's account, spent half a million dollars to defeat him. On election night, as the returns poured in from every section bringing news of McKinley's overwhelming re-election, Hanna called up Republican headquarters. But he did not ask about the presidential returns. He wanted to know the results from South Dakota. When he was assured that Pettigrew was beaten he went home and to bed.

XI

Hanna's career as Senator lasted just seven years. The man was undoubtedly ill at ease at first. He never opened his mouth for the first two years. Thereafter his contributions to the debates of the Senate were limited to five occasions and four subjects, all of the type which would readily suggest themselves to the mind. He sought to force the Navy Department to adopt the Guthman torpedo, he defended the steel makers in their extortionate price for armor plate, he led the battle for shipping subsidies and the fight for the Panama Canal route against the Nicaraguan route. He was successful in his canal fight because he was able to unite with the forceful and dynamic Roosevelt. But in none of these did he exhibit more than the most ordinary capacities as a debater.

At first, of course, his time was consumed with the problems of patronage. Office seekers swarmed to his offices and his home so that, it was said, he took refuge from them in his dentist's chair. He was the most observed man in Washington. Visitors to the Senate gallery invariably asked to have Hanna pointed out to them first. His mail was the heaviest of any man in Washington outside the President's and he required a secretariat to handle it.

The time came, however, when he could devote more attention to his senatorial duties which he always took with great seriousness. He attended sessions faithfully and could be seen with his large dark eyes fastened intently upon any Senator who addressed the Senate. He took almost no public part in the discussions of the Spanish War problems. Indeed for two years he followed faithfully the course of perfect regularity in his votes.

His first important entry into the debates was in 1899 when an attempt was made to resist the exactions of the steel makers on armor plate. The Senate proposed to limit the price to $445 a ton and if that price was not met it proposed to instruct the Secretary of the Navy to build the government's own armor plate foundry. The steel makers had been charging the government $545 a ton. With this attack on one of the greatest trusts, Elkins of West Virginia and Hanna broke their silence in the Senate and leaped to the defense. The going got hard for Hanna. When he found himself confronted by the formidable Senator Ben Tillman of South Carolina, he begged for mercy. "I appeal to the Senator—I am a tyro here—to give me a chance." He was then in the Senate three years. Hanna declared that $445 a ton was a low price. The Illinois Steel Company had offered to furnish plate for $240 a ton. Hanna called that a bluff. Former Secretary of the Navy Herbert declared it could be made for $192. "I think I know as much about it as Secretary Herbert," Hanna replied. Senator Teller said that the steel makers were carrying plate across the sea and selling it to Russia for $50 and $60 a ton. Hanna was always ready to denounce those who disagreed with him as being guilty of unpatriotic motives. Old Senator Teller broke out in an angry thrust at Hanna. "If you do not quite subscribe to the imperialistic ideas which are now abroad you are guilty of treason. If you are not willing the government should be robbed by the armor plate combine, then of course you are against the navy." In the end, however, Hanna and his colleagues were successful in having the matter of price left to the Secretary of the Navy.

His first assumption of leadership was in the ill-starred ship subsidy bill, that strange measure which, as the staunch Republican editor, Doctor Albert Shaw, of *The Review of Reviews* observed, seemed to have a most mysterious origin. The driving power behind this measure, as it came out later, when the Archbold letters were printed, was the Standard Oil crowd, and chiefly

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Henry H. Rogers, whose company would be one of its chief beneficiaries. Chauncey Depew wrote an elaborate speech for the bill and sent it to Archbold for approval before its delivery. Hanna took the lead and made a vigorous fight for it at two sessions. The Democrats talked it to death the first time. The second time Hanna forced it to a favorable vote. But such stalwart Republicans as Spooner, Allison, Dolliver, and Proctor voted against it. And it was killed in the House.

The time came however, after McKinley's assassination, when Hanna became one of the most active members of the Senate although his activity consisted chiefly in the influence he exercised over that body, through his political power rather than because of his senatorial talents. His most noteworthy success was in the passage of the Panama Canal bill. Hanna had always favored the isthmian canal. So did McKinley. But McKinley was won from the Nicaraguan route by the arguments of William Nelson Cromwell, the American lawyer lobbyist for the French company at Panama. Hanna's two speeches for the ship subsidy bills revealed no grasp of that subject. They were quite unimportant efforts. His speech for the Panama Canal, however, exhibited him at the highest mark he was to reach. It was a good, clear and able presentation of a subject which he had really studied, perhaps the first one in his life.

XII

The assassination of William McKinley in 1901 suddenly wrenched from Hanna's grasp the principal lever with which he controlled the powerful Republican machine. The "madman" he feared most was thrust into the White House. Yet in the midst of the McKinley funeral arrangements, Hanna went to the house in Buffalo where the new President was sworn in and pledged his support. But he frankly made it clear that this did not involve standing behind Roosevelt for renomination. Until the end he stood squarely on that pledge. The "madman," on his side, in that first term, knew how to manage his madness. Roosevelt, the jingo, could not shake hands with Altgeld, but Roosevelt, the politician, knew how to fraternize with the unspeakable Quay. Hanna on his side came to have a better opinion of the President. Roosevelt consulted him on every important point of policy and he was a frequent visitor at the White House.

Curiously, Hanna's power in the Senate did not diminish. His prestige with the country, indeed, seemed to reach its highest point during these years. But all the same the great Boss was now in process of disintegration. He was still the foremost figure on the Hill. His mail continued to be greater than that of all the other Senators put together. To see visitors he did not use the marble lobby where other Senators talked to their constituents. He used the room of the Vice-President. If he wished to see a cabinet officer he sent for him. He called on no one but the President. He was still chairman of the Republican National Committee. He still held the purse-strings of the party. He was still the Big Boss.

Hanna always indignantly denied he was a boss. He hated the word. He resented being bracketed with Quay and Platt and Croker and Cox and Abe Ruef and those other immortal rascals of the day. He was indeed much unlike those men. They were a sorry lot, excrescences thrown off by the blood diseases of the people. Quay was the worst of these. If Roosevelt could be described as "pure act," Quay might be described as "pure corruption." Platt was different. He was the complete feline—not at all lacking in the essential virtue of dishonesty, but veneering it, as Quay did not, with a thin coat of urbanity and piety. He wrote a book of hymns. He was "pure craft." Dick Croker on the other hand was "pure force"—a plug-hatted ruffian, beating down rivals with the sheer power of his blackguard spirit as he had once done with his fists. Hanna, with less education than all these men, save Croker, was, however, a more civilized being. He never took any money—rather he paid out his own. He represented an idea—a bad idea—but one which a well-fed minister of the Lord could openly defend in his carved wood pulpit. But all the same it was an evil thing destined to curse this rich land with poverty and chaos. He stood for the unrestrained sway of the acquisitive man, the power of money emancipated from ethical and social law, to buy men and to rule them.

But at this moment Mark Hanna, for the first time in his life, faced a situation he did not know how to deal with. He faced a man who was as audacious, as direct as himself, and swifter in action. The weapon Hanna understood best was the club; his strategy was the frontal attack. His ammunition was cash. These things he could not use now and he knew no other way.

Like all successful men, good luck had played heavily on his side. He had hammered away for twelve years at making a president. He continued hammering until the day came when the cards were dealt him—the Democrats in power with a ravaging depression on their hands. That party was hopelessly divided and Hanna had the perfect candidate in his possession. He promised prosperity and prosperity came; he had unlimited funds to use against a bankrupt opposition. Then he had a perfect war, won swiftly, despite incredible mismanagement, against a decrepit foe. After all, his success was not at all a colossal performance.

But now the tide moved not with but against him. He was at sea. And he was sick. At intervals fainting spells bowled him over. He suffered cruelly from rheumatism. And out there across his path stood a young antagonist, aflame with energy and ambition, who also understood the frontal attack, who knew precisely what he wanted and who did not hang back from striking at the critical moment at the puzzled and vacillating Hanna. Such a blow he struck in 1903 when the Republican convention met in Ohio.

The rise of Hanna as a presidential possibility came first feebly after McKinley's second election and then more actively after his assassination. Newspapers referred to it continually. Important business groups talked about it. He himself said nothing save an occasional assurance to friends that he did not wish the nomination. In spite of all this, he continued on the friendliest terms with Roosevelt. He even jested occasionally with the President about the subject. Senator Nathan B. Scott of West Virginia gave out an interview literally proclaiming Hanna the next President. Hanna sent a clipping with the interview to Roosevelt with this note: "This settles me. Does it also settle my candidate for the Ohio Pension Agency? He 'bows too low.'" However, in 1903 as the Ohio State Republican convention met, the question of endorsing Roose-

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velt was raised. Hanna wished to avoid the subject. He wanted to keep the State campaign free of any complications about the coming presidential struggle. Hence he wrote Roosevelt that, under the circumstances, he was against bringing up the subject and that he felt sure Roosevelt would agree with him when he had a chance to explain. Roosevelt's letter was short and curt. Those who were opposed to his candidacy would oppose the endorsement, he said sharply. Hanna, who wanted no split then, was forced to yield and Roosevelt was endorsed. Later Roosevelt explained in friendly fashion to the Senator why he had acted so. But Hanna never forgave him. His prestige had suffered. He felt for a moment his own weakness.

As the year 1903 wore on, the drive to nominate Hanna gathered force. It was engineered almost wholly by a group of powerful industrialists and financiers from Wall Street. They organized a committee and raised $100,000, with a promise of $250,000 for the campaign. They felt sure of New York, of Ohio, and of the colored brethren in the South. Quay stood aloof. John D. Archbold of the Standard Oil Company tried to bring Quay into the fold. But the shrewd Pennsylvania boss remembered how Hanna had run out on him when his seat in the Senate was threatened. There is no doubt that Wall Street had determined to defeat Roosevelt. But Hanna refused to give his consent. Colonel Oliver H. Payne, of the Standard, and a Democrat, went to Cleveland in the Fall to urge Hanna to come out for the nomination. But he refused to do so. He wrote Scott that he would refuse to say anything more about it.

There is no doubt that Hanna was at sea. He of course would have been willing to be pressed into the White House. But he had no wish to be defeated for the nomination by Roosevelt. What he wanted most at the moment was to wash clean his name. He chafed under the strain of his first election to the Senate. He wanted re-election by a decisive majority. He had to run for the Senate that year. He had to meet again his ancient enemy Tom Johnson. Johnson was a candidate for governor. The Democrats had a highly respectable candidate for the Senate. Johnson swept over Ohio with a big circus tent, denouncing Hanna as the agent of Big Business and demanding the single tax, free trade, war on the trusts. Hanna followed him, with Myron T. Herrick running for governor and Warren G. Harding for lieutenant-governor—the Three H Ticket. Johnson's attacks lashed Hanna, despite his failing strength, to apoplectic spasms of retaliation. He had his own tent, his own brass band. He called Johnson a carpet-bagger, a faker, an anarchist, a blatherskite, and—worst of all—a socialist. Hanna won and got his re-election to the Senate by an enormous majority.

Meantime he was bent on washing away the one charge he hated worst of all—that he was a labor crusher. He had been drawn into the Civic Federation to assist in the settlement of some strikes. That organization started as a sort of better-element debating society for social reforms, took on national significance, and set up a department for dealing with labor problems. Hanna became chairman of that section. As such he took the foremost part in settling the great anthracite strike of 1903. He devoted much time to its work. But his critics soon sneered that this was all done to further his candidacy for the presidency. This was not true. Hanna was wholly sincere. His record as an employer was good. He was the first man in the bituminous fields to recognize the union. He had cursed George Pullman for refusing to treat with his men. What he did want to do, however—a perfectly justifiable and human motive—was to remove the stain from his fame put there by those who had branded him as a labor crusher. These designs were all working out satisfactorily. To have engaged in a losing battle with Roosevelt would have undone much of what he had accomplished.

What is more, he knew the weary engine was running down. After the Ohio campaign he found himself exhausted. His wife, his doctor, his friends, all urged him to rest. But rest was impossible to Mark Hanna. His life was in pressing along. And he continued to press along until the worn and tired body fell under the pressure. He was taken ill in December. He fought against the growing weakness, got up several times and resumed his duties. But in the end an enemy appeared he could no longer ignore. It was typhoid. And while the papers continued to debate whether he would be a candidate or not, he lay dying in the Arlington Hotel. The end came February 15, 1904. Thus Roosevelt, whose first term was made possible by the death of McKinley, found his road cleared for a second term by the death of Hanna. After Hanna there was no leader left to oppose him.

It is a popular belief that Hanna grew as he met new and wider horizons in public life. This is not so. He stood on labor precisely where he stood as a young employer. On other subjects he never altered his views. In the last half dozen years he was the same uncompromising tory he was at the beginning. He had nothing but praise for the scoundrels who poisoned the army in the Spanish War. He stoutly denied there was a single trust in the United States. He went to Ohio in his last years to wring from the legislature perpetual franchises for his utility companies. He wrote and received the famous Archbold letters. Hanna, the iron man, was for the extortionate armor plate prices of the steel trust. Hanna, the ship builder, was for shipping subsidies. In the last days as in the first he was the symbol of the power of money to buy its way wherever it wished to go. After a quarter of a century society now definitely challenges that right.

Biographies to come: "Thomas Alva Edison—An American Symbol" by C. Hartley Grattan, "Admiral Mahan—The Father of Sea Power" by Lewis Hacker, "Henry George—Unorthodox American Economist" by Albert Jay Nock, "Ferdinand de Lesseps—The 'Great Frenchman'" by Roger Burlingame, "Thorstein Veblen—The Stormy Petrel" by Ernest Sutherland Bates, and biographies of great American editors by Henry F. Pringle.

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